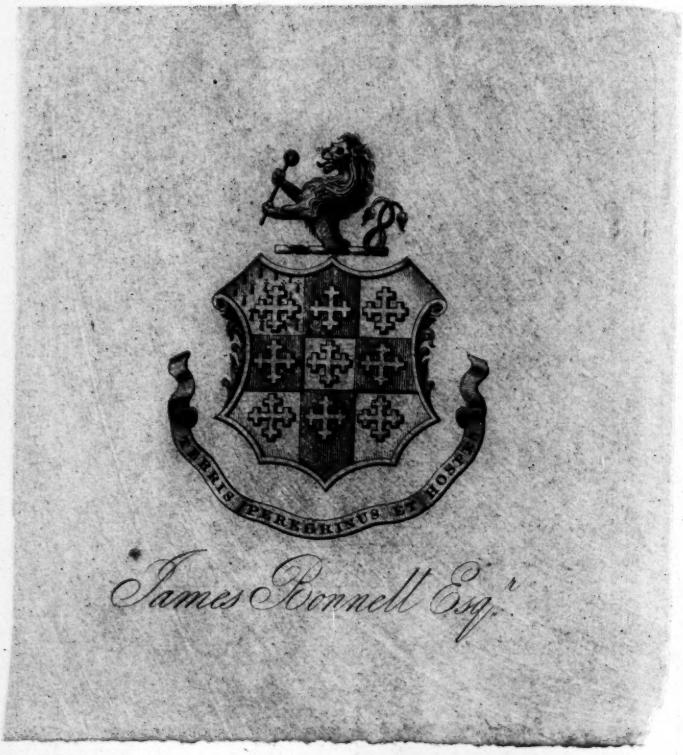

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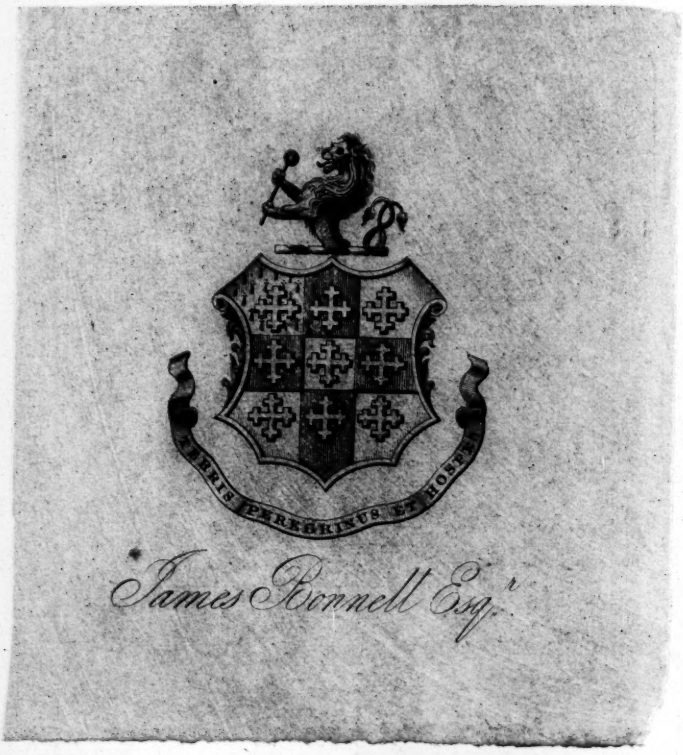

James Bonnell Esq.

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EXHIBITIONS

OF

THE HEART;

A NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)

TO

THE QUEEN.

BY

MISS HUTCHINSON.

"We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears."

THE ODYSSEY.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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EXHIBITIONS
OF
THE HEART.

CHAPTER I.

"Few words ſhe ſpoke, tho' much ſhe had to ſay;
"And ſcarce thoſe few, for tears cou'd force their way." POPE.

THE bright orb of day having now diſpelled the dews of the morning, and the clouds of ſmoke that ſo lately filled the whole atmoſphere being ſubſided, the crowd, that had gathered together to lend their mutual aſſiſtance, began alſo to diſperſe. Finding further help unneceſſary, they gladly repaired to their reſpective homes, to refreſh their fatigued bodies and diſtreſſed minds with the morning's frugal repaſt.

Eglantine Aſhwood, however, remained ſtill near the ſpot; who, after Mrs. Evington's departure from her father's houſe, had quitted it in ſearch of her protectreſs, the beloved Emma, whom ſhe ſuppoſed to be in the neighbourhood, and felt it a duty to offer her aſſiſtance.

The affectionate girl had not proceeded many paces, before ſhe was appriſed of her error, for as every one ſincerely participated the misfortune, they ſought to impart their ſorrow to every new comer; thus adding freſh mourners over the lamented aſhes of Emma. The poor diſtreſſed Eglantine, on hearing theſe diſmal tidings, wept inceſſantly;—nor can it be wondered at; for, ſchooled and clothed by Emma, ſhe looked upon her as her guardian angel.—She trampled amidſt the hot cinders; called frequently upon her name; and vehemently upbraided with want of feeling, every by-ſtander who was unoccupied; perſiſting that, if they would only ſearch diligently,

diligently, they would ſtill find her beloved young lady alive.

Regardleſs of herſelf, or of the condition ſhe was in, from lifting and removing the burnt timbers and heaps of rubbiſh, ſhe continued walking on and round the ruinous edifice, weeping bitterly. Her fine, tall, proportionate figure, rendered her ſtill more conſpicuous:—her roſy cheeks, fluſhed by the exceſſive heat, were bedewed with floods of tears; while her ſparkling black eyes, when ſhe ſpoke, derived peculiar ſoftneſs from two beautiful rows of pearly teeth.—A young creature thus attracting in perſonal endowments, overwhelmed by grief, could not avoid exciting the particular attention of all the ſpectators;—among whom ſtood Sir Stanhope Murdoc. He had always much admired the little bewitching ruſtic—as he called her; and, doubtleſs, had an opportunity preſented itſelf, would have endeavoured to ruin her ſpotleſs fame. It

was no ſmall mortification to him, to find Eglantine narrowly guarded by a watchful brother, a good father, and, above all, her own fixed and virtuous principles, which no offered boon of gold or ſilver had hitherto power to weaken: this Sir Stanhope knew from experience; he alſo knew, that ſhe had ever obſtinately rejected his preſents, and diſdained his promiſes.

Fraught with this idea, he beheld the weeping Eglantine, arrayed in guileleſs ſorrow, mourning over the ſad pile of conflagration; he ſaw her whole heart and ſoul were wrapt in deſpair; and he hoped, by feigning to participate her grief, that he might, from a pretended ſympathy, gain her good will; after which he intended to enforce his wiſhes by unwary artifices. — With this baſe intention Sir Stanhope condoled with her; lamented, energetically, the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained; made his own ſervants, with himſelf, move

and

and remove whatever ſhe deſired among the heaps of rubbiſh. Had it been poſſible for Eglantine to waver from the path of rectitude, had ſhe been inclined to liſten to his artful flattery, Sir Stanhope adopted the moſt hopeful method to enſnare her unſuſpicious mind;—for, though ſhe ever diſliked him, and more eſpecially his ſupercilious behaviour, the ſeeming tender compaſſion he evinced for Emma's loſs, and her own ſorrow, his condeſcending to join in the ſearch of her beloved protectreſs, conſiderably leſſened her paſt averſion, and ſhe began to liſten to his converſation with leſs impatience than uſual.

This favourable alteration paſt not unnoticed by Sir Stanhope, who was about to take advantage of it, when the opportunely appearance of her venerable father fruſtrated his premeditated plans for the moment, and for the moment only, as he now entertained ſtrong hopes that his preſent diſſimulation operated ſucceſsfully, and

would be inſtrumental to the completion of his deſigns hereafter.

Eglantine ran to her father; reclining on his boſom, ſhe gave vent to the fullneſs of her heart, and, in broken accents, expreſſed her obligation to Sir Stanhope's kindneſs.

The good old man, already oppreſſed by the moſt painful apprehenſions, having reaſon to believe his ſon had alſo fallen a victim to the flames, could ſcarcely ſupport her agitated frame. His preſence of mind, however, had induced him to conceal his fears from his wife and daughter; therefore, leſt any other perſon, in preſence of the latter, ſhould awaken her doubts, he conſiderately committed the diſtreſſed maid to a friend's protection, kindly, yet peremptorily, ordering her to return home immediately.

Several perſons recollected having ſeen young

young Henry Aſhwood foremoſt in the throng on their firſt arrival at the hall; although no one remembered his leaving the ſcene of deſolation.

It was now paſt noon. Old Aſhwood had loitered from place to place, making every enquiry for his ſon to no effect, it being univerſally rumoured that he muſt have periſhed.

His father, an old man above ſeventy, overpowered by fatigue of body and of mind, began to apprehend the rumour was too true, and in deſpair threw himſelf down beſide a ſmall hillock near the ſpot of conflagration:—his long white hair hung over his venerable face, ſtill wet with paternal tears for an only ſon, the ſupport, the life of his declining years, and the ſole protector of a ſiſter young and lovely. The verdure of his moſſy pillow finely contraſted the ſhining white of his ſilver locks, as he lay ſtretched in the attitude of ſorrow

on the ground. His diſconſolate figure was a true emblem of real wretchedneſs. In this condition remained the reſpectable old man, when Sir George approached him.—"Ah! is it you, my honeſt friend?" ſaid Sir George:—"what do you here, Aſhwood? I am fearful you have ſtruggled againſt nature, and over-fatigued yourſelf—your humanity, my worthy friend, is ſtronger than your ſtrength—what ails you?—why are you thus dejected? It is *I* only who have reaſon to be ſad?"

"Ah! my good ſir," replied the old man, raiſing his white locks from the ground, and ſighing heavily,—"indeed it has been a terrible night for us all. I ſhall not long ſurvive it, my dear ſir!—'Tis an awful thing to die; but, until this hour, it never appeared ſo to me;—for I have always lived doing to others as I would they ſhould do unto myſelf.—Yes, ſir, every action of my life has been guided by this ſacred law; and I may

ſafely

ſafely ſay, I never laid my head on the pillow until I had offered up my thanks to the Almighty for his infinite goodneſs; nor could I ever accuſe myſelf of wantonly diſturbing my neighbour's peace; of refuſing my ſcanty pittance to the poor; or have I ever turned the helpleſs orphan from my little gate. Thus, with a clear conſcience and a light heart, my years encreaſed, and I beheld them drawing faſt to a concluſion with calm ſerenity, as the natural lot of man, and truſting with confidence in my heavenly Maker. —I knew I ſhould leave my family, not only unencumbered, but in good circumſtances.—I ſaw them incline to the right path. Ah, ſir," continued the old man, ſhaking his head, "it has not pleaſed my Maker that I ſhould quit this life without a ſigh!—no, no—my beſt hopes are vaniſhed before me—I muſt now leave my child to the ſnares of a cunning world:—you know my Eglantine;—you have been

very kind to her—you have often admired her, ſir, when ſhe uſed to make the hay by my ſide. Were ſhe leſs beautiful, I ſhould not have ſo many fears on her account;—but I know a very comely girl is not only expoſed to particular marks of attention from men, but envy is always on the watch to blemiſh her reputation.—Her mother's age and infirmity will not long protect her; and my ſon—ah, ſir, forgive theſe tears,—but I am old, and my feelings are not ſo eaſily repreſſed as they uſed to be—poor boy! he was indeed a fine youth!"

"And where is he," aſked Sir George, who had liſtleſs permitted the old man to talk on uninterrupted; involved in ſorrow himſelf, he ſeemed to ſeek it in others, rather pleaſed with the melancholy ſtrain than attending to the purport.

"Alas, my good ſir, I know it will add another pang to your heart, when

you

you learn where he is—I had better not tell you."

"Not tell me," rejoined Sir George, wholly enwrapt with his Emma's image; —"you muſt—he is not far, I ſuppoſe; —for I am ſure he was in the park laſt night."

"No, dear boy, he is not far:—look, ſir, on thoſe aſhes — there! — there he lies!"

Sir George, rouſed by a reference to the ſhocking ſight before him, exclaimed, "Does he reſt with my life! my Emma! —happy youth!—Would I could exchange fates with him!—But do not grieve, my good old friend; I will ſupply his place; I will protect you and your family as long as I live:—my honour is bound to ſerve you as my life is to Emma. —Come, walk with me, Aſhwood; this horrid ſight augments your grief—take my arm."

Old Aſhwood gratefully acknowledged his promiſe, and accepted his arm. In a ſlow pace and ſolemn ſilence they proceeded; each ſeemed fearful of interrupting the other, leſt he ſhould cauſe the wound to bleed afreſh; for one ſubject only occupied their thoughts.

"That," ſaid the old man, breaking ſilence, and pointing to a neat white ſtone chapel at a ſmall diſtance from the Evingtons' houſe, "is all the devouring flames have ſpared: there, ſir, have I ſeen all the family chriſtened, when the ſmile of benevolence decked every face, and every voice implored health and happineſs on the dear little infant; for you know, ſir, madam Evington always would have her children baptized in the church —There, ſir, the girls and boys for many miles round, my own among the number, came on Sundays to ſay their catechiſm to the Rev. Mr. Church, or to Mr. Orton, before my young maſter went to the univerſity; and

and he always gave the beſt ſcholar a handſome prize. How did my heart leap with delight, when my poor boy brought home a large bible, finely bound, as a recompence for his good behaviour! —'Tis many years ago, yet it is freſh in my memory.—' Father' ſaid he,—the book in hand—' I ſhall keep this ſafe enough till I am married—then I will write my wife's and children's names in it; the day they were born, when they died, juſt as you have done in yours; and I will tell them how I came by ſuch a fine book: as ſoon as they can comprehend, they ſhall ſee the fruits of application, and learn from their father that merit is always rewarded.' Yes, ſir; he would talk for hours together of his book—then he loved and revered the donor.—But you have ſeen him, ſir," continued the old man, as they came ſtill nearer the chapel—" was he not a comely youth?"

" Hark," cried Sir George, " methought I heard a voice—ſomething like

Emma's

Emma's—let us ſtop." A faint ſound again arreſted their attention; but looking round, no human creature appeared. They concluded it was merely imaginary, and were proceeding onwards, when, coming near the door of the chapel, a little ſpaniel attracted the old man's notice.—"There," ſaid he, "is poor little Juliette, my lady's favourite dog: ſee, ſir, how ſhe lies howling at the door!---'twas ſhe, I ſuppoſe, you heard juſt now—perhaps ſhe is hurt—I will take her home with me."

Saying which, he advanced towards the door, and taking the little animal in his arms, ſhe howled, and ſeemed to wiſh to ſtay where ſhe was.

"I am certain," ſaid Sir George, "I heard my Emma's voice." The old man ſmiled; believing it merely the workings of illuſive fancy:—"we will, nevertheleſs,"

ſaid

ſaid Aſhwood, "be ſatisfied"—when turning the key, they both entered the chapel, and to their mutual gratification, there found the ſuppoſed loſt Emma Evington, deadly pale; ſimply veſted in a white cotton night gown, her bright eyes nearly cloſed, and life itſelf apparently departing.

Sir George, on ſeeing her, became nearly as frantic with joy, as he had been diſtracted with grief. Folding her in his arms, he endeavoured to ſpeak; but a few exclamatory ejaculations of ſurpriſe and pleaſure were all he could utter.

Emma, although worn out by fear, was ſtill aware of her nocturnal diſhabille, and ſhrank from his embrace; imploring him with a feeble voice to leave her, and ſend ſome female friend to her relief.

"I will not offend your delicacy," replied Sir George, "my life, my angel, do not fear, I would not give you a moment's pain for the

the univerſe. Aſhwood, my good old friend, ſtay here, while I haſten to your farm, and bring Eglantine; on your peril do not quit my love."

Elated with unhoped-for joy, Sir George, borne on the wings of the pureſt affection, ſoon reached the farm-houſe. On his mentioning Eglantine's name, Emma raiſed her languid eyes, and aſked if ſhe was alive. "Yes, yes, thank God!" returned the old man, "make yourſelf eaſy, my ſweet young lady, all is over, all are ſafe, and now they will ſoon all be well.

Emma felt what he ſaid, though ſhe had not ſtrength to enforce any further queſtions. Meanwhile Sir George breathleſs entered the farm-houſe, wiping off the drops that fell faſt down his heated cheeks. In broken phraſes, he related his happy tidings: few words are neceſſary to impart a joyful tale; as frequently the ſlighteſt word in miſery draws the tear from the wretched, and chills

chills the blood. Eglantine ſoon caught the ſmile of renovating happineſs, and was already laden with a pair of blankets, tripping along beneath the woollen burden.

"Stop, ſtop! Jeeny," cried the old woman, trudging acroſs the room upon her crutch, "ſtop, my girl, firſt take that wheelbarrow," continued ſhe, in a loud ſhrill voice, "and put the cover-lids in them, it will juſt ſerve, as how on a ſhift, to bring the ſweet dear ſoul as far as my houſe: bleſs me! where can your brother Henry be? well, for my part, ſo it is, he's ſure to be out when he's wanted; it's always the caſe, young men are never at home, never."

Eglantine did as ſhe was deſired; while Sir George inſiſted on wheeling the barrow himſelf, and they both returned with all poſſible expedition; Eglantine chatting and laughing all the way, as if her head was turned. Arrived at the chapel, ſhe kiſſed

Emma's

Emma's hands repeatedly, and with a rapture ſcarcely conceivable, now crying, now laughing, expreſſed her joy: ſhe then folded a blanket round Emma, and after putting the other in the barrow, aſſiſted by her father and Sir George, laid the loſt treaſure in this curious conveyance.

Several people now came running to offer their aſſiſtance, for the news of Emma's diſcovery had flown like wild-fire from cottage to cottage; whereupon a contention enſued, who ſhould have the honour of wheeling the barrow, which at laſt was yielded, not without ſome compulſion, to the firſt comers, two of Aſhwood's own people. The proceſſion then ſlowly advanced; Sir George Beaufort on the one ſide, Eglantine on the other: her venerable old father leaning on a young man's arm, the little dog under his own; then followed two or three little children, who had come to give their help to eſcort poor Miſs Emma Evington.

At length they gained the farm: Dame Aſhwood had prepared a warm bed for the reception of Emma, in which the attentive little maid, Eglantine, haſtily depoſited her benefactreſs, and watched by her ſide until ſome of her own family were informed of her ſituation; for which purpoſe Sir George had ſent a meſſenger with a ſhort note requeſting their attendance, with a phyſician.

The exceſſive joy this intelligence occaſioned at Evans Hall, may more eaſily be imagined than delineated: it was a tranſport which none but a father in a ſimilar predicament can know; a ſenſation a fond mother's hopes realized can only tell.—Oſmond waited for no reply: he fetched Dr. Davies, and with him haſtened to the farm, where Mr. Evington, Mrs. Munſter, and Matilda ſpeedily joined him.

Dame Aſhwood, in the interval, had prevailed on the invalid to take a reſtorative cordial, ſince which ſhe was evidently better,

better, yet rather inclined to a degree of delirium.—The doctor conſequently inſiſted on her being left alone, and kept perfectly quiet.

Notwithſtanding their natural impatience to learn by what means, and when ſhe got into the chapel, they were compelled to ſuppreſs their curioſity for that evening. How the chapel came locked, and her in it, were myſteries every one tried to decypher, yet none could ſurmiſe with any degree of probability; while Mrs. Munſter now heartily congratulated herſelf, that ſhe had delayed informing Mrs. Evington of the ſuppoſed calamity, and thus fortunately ſpared her the agoniſing pang ſhe otherwiſe muſt have given. Mr. Evington as ſincerely rejoiced he had alſo adhered to Mr. Evans's prudent advice on the ſame occaſion.

Towards night the doctor proclaimed Emma capable of being removed to the Hall,

Hall, where the anxious mother and ſiſter ſo impatiently awaited her arrival, but where, for many days, ſhe continued in imminent danger.

Early the enſuing morning, the ſervants and labourers began to clear away ſome of the rubbiſh and burnt timber, eager to ſee if any thing had fallen in the cellars ſtill worth ſaving. For a long time they worked before they could effect a paſſage; and after clearing a vaſt quantity of this rubbiſh away, ſome of them imagined they heard a groan beneath their feet:—young Henry immediately aſſailed their memory: animated by the poſſible idea of its being him, they redoubled their efforts, and gained an opening to one of the cellars; on deſcending which the firſt object that claimed their attention, was, indeed, the identical Henry, ſurrounded by brick, mortar, and water, groaning miſerably. They dragged him from the jaws of deſtruction, ſkipping, rejoicing, and halloing: "He is alive!

alive!—yes—our friend—honeſt Ned—is, indeed, alive!" cried they, in the utmoſt extacy; and ſpeedily carried him to his home, to the great joy and ſurpriſe of his mother, and his ſiſter Eglantine, from whom the good old man had yet carefully kept his ſuppoſed loſs a profound ſecret, and ſilently mourned his ſorrow; but now, how largely was his tenderneſs repaid, how gratefully he received the hidden treaſure with tenfold thanks to providence for the gift.

" Then ruſhing to his arms he kiſs'd his boy,
" With the ſtrong raptures of a parent's joy,
" Tears bath'd his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew,
" He ſtrain'd him cloſe as to his breaſt he grew."

"I ſhall now, indeed," exclaimed the overjoyed father, "yes, I ſhall now die in peace, and leave my girl a protector."

Henry's miraculous eſcape could be attributed to nothing leſs than the interpoſing hand of providence, which is ever watchful over

over the meritorious: but as he recovered his ſtrength, he circumſtantially related what had befallen him, and which we will recite in his own words.

The Beer Barrel.

"Well, father," ſaid Henry, "haven't I told you often enough, never to mind me, don't you know, ought's oft in danger, but never hurt? but now you ſhall hear: as ſoon as I reached the great houſe, and ſure enough there was no need of a candle; I perceived the flames came directly from that ſide the young ladies' bed-rooms were on: ſo, you ſee, I thought of nothing but them, and notwithſtanding the flames menaced deſtruction, I ſays to myſelf, what does it ſignify, I have but one life, and if it's not worth riſking, it's not worth having: ſo I'll do as the ſoldiers do—brave every thing before me; and what if I ſhould die, thought it never could be in a better cauſe than for our dear young ladies: not that I forgot

forgot my ſiſter here;—no, Jeeny,—I did, ye ſee, juſt think as I came along, that if father died you would miſs Henry; but then I ſaid, there was no time for theſe reflections to come athwart me, ſo I drives them away, and truſted to that ſweet little cherub above that keeps watch over the lives of us all, ye know, father:—Well, ſo as I entered, the heat and ſmoke were ſo ſtrong, that I thought I muſt be ſuffocated, but however, as I ſaid before, now or never; ſo I took long ſtrides up the ſtairs, and ſoon got to the top, where I ſaw a room-door open; in I went, glad enough to be there, and who ſhould I find but Miſs Emma, kneeling on the ground over her ſiſter, I believed dead: e'faith I don't think Miſs Emma was much better herſelf; for ſhe ſeemed as ſtiff as a poker, and her pretty eyes as dim as when the ſun's eclipſed, for all the world; you never beheld an object ſo pitiable, I'll be bound to ſay, in your whole life.

"But it was not a time for madam Pity to concern herſelf in the buſineſs, and you know,

know ſhe moſtly begins making a fuſs when the miſchief is done to be ſure, and the pot is boiled over as we ſay; ſo I ſent her a packing; and looking again on the two ſweet creatures, began to be vexed that I could take only one at a time with me; and therefore thought it beſt to make ſure of the one I knew to be alive.

" Juſt as I was going to take her up in my arms, ſhe rais'd her head, looked at me, and, without ſaying a word, puſh'd me from her with ſome force, and clung round her ſiſter; ſhe muttered ſomething, and ſeem'd aware of her danger; but I knew I had beſt not begin reaſoning; for I always think Madame Reaſon's for making a great fuſs to be ſure about nothing at all, ſo what did I do but ſent her, d'ye ſee, packing with t'other Madam Pity; and then with ſome reſiſtance on Miſs Emma's part, I took her in my arms, and through a cloud of ſmoak carried her ſafe to the chapel door that ſtood open, and there

I put her; for in the buſtle, it ſeem'd the beſt place in the world; that done, without a moment's delay, I flew back again for my t'other young lady; the ſtairs were beginning to be tremendouſly hot; however, on I went; for danger gives ſtrength and courage; when, to my great mortification, juſt as I had got to the top ſtair, in it fell ſlap-bang, and me with it, ſurrounded by fleaks of fire; for a moment the fall ſtunn'd me, but getting up as well as I could, I regretted the more my fall on poor Miſs Maria's account at the time than my own; then looking round me, I knew I muſt be cloſe by the cellar door, and, with all my ſtrength, ſhoved againſt it: luckily this place gave me ſhelter; in I went, ſhut the door, and was going to think at my eaſe what was to be done—not a bit of it—for I now found my clothes were burning on me, and I 'gan to ſmart deviliſhly: So I laid myſelf down under the cock of the beer barrel, ſet it a running

ning till I'd got quite cool; and to this happy thought, or to that ſweet little cherub above, I certainly owe the preſervation of my life: How I came to think on't, I cannot tell, but I remember right well that I went towards the barrel as by inſtinct.

" My jacket was ſoon well ſouſed; my inſide however was ſtill burning, when this ſame barrel again ſtood my friend, and very civilly and copiouſly quenched my thirſt; 'twas good " old ſtingo," nor did I ſpare it inſide nor out, which I ſoon felt by experience.—After once more opening the door, and ſeeing it impoſſible to quit my little cellar, I thank'd my lucky ſtars that I was ſafe,—ſat me down by the barrel, where, unaccuſtom'd ſo early in the morning to large potions of ſtrong liquor, I fell in a ſound ſleep—tho'f ſure enough I'd a warm birth of it."

" Merciful Heaven!—and what then?" ſaid the attentive old dame, as ſhe ſat lean-

ing on her crutch, liſtening to her ſon on one ſide, Eglantine on the other; and her huſband, his arms folded on a little deal table, formed the family circle; ſurpriſe and curioſity alternately marking their anxious features.

"Huſh!" cried the old man, "do not interrupt him." Well, "and then my boy, how did you wake?"

"I ſuppoſe," continued Henry, "while aſleep, I got ſomehow beneath the barrel; for, on opening my eyes, I found myſelf right under its noble paunch, which afforded me a moſt friendly protection, for the whole place was filled with brick, mortar, wet and rubbiſh, that, to be ſure, muſt have fallen in while I ſlept; and, but for this ſame barrel, would have cruſh'd poor Harry to atoms.

"On ſeeing the danger I had thus miraculouſly eſcaped, I could have hugg'd the dear barrel with pleaſure: but how to budge

budge I knew not; I attempted to move away ſome of the rubbiſh near me, with caution, but found that it only brought heaps upon heaps, and perhaps, at laſt, would ſmother myſelf; ſo I was forced to have recourſe, a third time, to my friend, the barrel, for ſhelter, hoping my cries would bring me that relief and liberty I could not get by myſelf.

" Here I lay bawling and crying for many hours, till I 'gan to give up all hope of being heard, and accuſed my ſtars for having prolonged my life, only to pine away by hunger and thirſt. When night came on, as I ſuppoſed by the time I had been there, I found myſelf nearly exhauſted; and, concluding it to be uſeleſs to call out any longer, I reſted tolerably quiet for ſome hours, till I heard a noiſe of hammering, and, I thought, of men's voices:—theſe ſounds cheer'd my deſpairing ſpirits; I kept calling luſtily for a long while; at length, faint for want of food and

drink, for, to my regret, I had let all the ale run out, like a blockhead.—I now cou'd exert myſelf no longer; — hope, ſtrength, ſpirits,—all failed me; and I reſigned myſelf wholly to Providence, unable to aſſiſt myſelf longer, by more than a groan; which groan, however, you ſee did what nothing elſe could do; ſo we ought never to deſpair, for it brought me here, and I ſhall be as ſpruce in a day or two as ever, though now a bit the ſorer for my underground adventures."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" cried the good old folks, upliſting their hands and eyes.

"Is the barrel whole?" demanded Aſhwood;—"for I muſt get Mr. Evington to let me have that barrel;—for love or money it ſhall be mine: we will brew ſome of the beſt ale we can make to put in it, and keep it as long as 'twill hold together.—Aye! that's what we will!"

"And ſave the pieces too," rejoined Eglantine

Eglantine, catching the words from her father, "as family reliques and mementos of my brother's preſervation; henceforward, I ſhall think every barrel I ſee is an object deſerving my veneration."

Nor did the amiable family at the hall leſs participate the farmer's happineſs.—Mr. Evington, after hearing Henry's little narrative, declared he would part with the barrel only on one condition, that he ſhould yearly have the pleaſure of filling it with liquor.

Emma now began to regain her health, which had undergone the moſt alarming fluctuations.—At her deſire, young Henry was introduced, to receive her acknowledgements for her delivery.

"Lord love you!" ſaid the youth, "pray don't mention it; 'twasn't more than my duty, after all is ſaid and done:—

but may I be ſo bold as to aſk you, Miſs, how you came lock'd in?—for I don't recollect ſhutting the door after me."

"No," replied Emma, "I believe you did not intend faſtening it: in your hurry you pulled it after you, and it flew to:—as I expected your return immediately, I remained quiet for a long while;—indeed I had no inclination to move or open my lips, till towards the evening; I called upon the names of ſeveral perſons, ſucceſsfully at laſt, as you are, doubtleſs, acquainted with."

Henry then withdrew, carrying with him the ſincere acknowledgements of gratitude from the whole party, and a handſome reward for his trouble.

The family being ſufficiently recovered to receive company, all the neighbouring gentry flocked from every quarter, to pay their viſits of condolence.—Among the firſt

firſt was Patty Armintor;—Though ſhe poſſibly felt the misfortune they had ſuſtained very forcibly, ſhe alſo felt a ſtrong inclination to attract the widowed Baronet; for which purpoſe no care was omitted that morning to dreſs herſelf in the moſt becoming manner:—That ſhe ſucceeded in attracting the gentlemen's attention is certain, however we may doubt her ſucceſs in gaining their approbation, by her contraſt to the *viſited*, who, in white muſlin dreſſes, a ſimple ribbon round their waiſt, and muſlin cloſe caps, looked infinitely more charming.—Matilda, coming from the gardens, had negligently tied on a ſtraw hat, with a ſilk handkerchief; which was as ſimple, as ſhe looked lovely.

Patty, on the contrary, wore a black and coquetiſh bonnet, crowded with a profuſion of variegated plumes, immenſely long, not diſpoſed by the hand of taſte, and decorated by a blond veil, feſtooned in ſtudied negligence;—a looſe muſlin dreſs,

tied up round the neck, which not being very delicate, nor yet very white, wanted the covering of a muſlin handkerchief moſt exceedingly:—a row of coquelicot ribbon ornamented the bottom of her gown;—a girdle, directly under the arm-pits, of the ſame colour, tied before, in a large bow; add to which, the exerciſe of a long walk, had conſiderably heightened a complexion at all times ruddy, and more inclinable to the Indian Mulatto than the fair European.

Thus accoutred, entered the damſel, to the great entertainment of the gentlemen preſent, with whom ſhe laughed and flirted for an hour or two, particularizing Sir Stanhope Murdoc, who wiſhed no better *paſſe tems*; and very plentifully gratified her vanity by unmeaning compliments.—Elated with new conqueſts, ſhe took her leave, fully determined to renew her viſit the next morning.

"Did you ever," cried Sir George, as ſhe

ſhe left the room, " ſee a mountebank queen more tawdry?"—" Damme," rejoined Sir Stanhope, " I'll be ſworn if that girl don't fancy herſelf an abſolute Venus. It is a pity when people are ſo profuſe in their treats, and will expoſe nature, they do not white waſh; for hang me, if I like roſe-coloured fleſh,—" There are white roſes," replied Sir George," yellow, and even black roſes, I have ſeen, in the ſouth of France, which of them do you mean?" " Neither of thoſe you have mentioned, but the rude and hardy damaſk roſe," ſaid Sir Stanhope, much pleaſed with his ſimile.

" Your compariſons are harſh," rejoined Oſmond, " my good Sir, conſider —now what moſt tickled my fancy, were her feathers; and I bet you an hundred pounds, they meaſure as long as herſelf:—what folly does faſhion lead ſome people into.—Merciful heaven! how can any one in their ſenſes make themſelves ſo perfectly ridiculous."

" Ridiculous," cried Sir George, heartily joining in the laugh, " I will double your bet, that I could make that fooliſh girl wear any thing I pleaſed, however extravagantly diſproportionate."

And ſuch is the ridicule young people, nay all ages, expoſe themſelves to, who ſuffer their reaſon to be prepoſterouſly hurried away by the current of faſhion.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

" Time, that with ceaſeleſs labour can unfold
The wond'rous page of nature; that can lay
The loftieſt temples level with their baſe;
Steal the ſoft graces of the faireſt form;
And, by the ſhadow of his reſtleſs wing,
Eclipſe the ſun of intellectual light,
Can bring no meliorating balm to heal
The wounded ſenſes where memory ſtill lives."

MARY ROBINSON.

SIX weeks having elapſed, Emma once again prepared to give her hand to the importunate Sir George Beaufort; while Mr. Evington and the family, were no leſs ſolicitous to be in London, where, ſince the late accident at home, buſineſs of moment demanded Mr. Evington's preſence; and from whence he propoſed to depart for the continent.

Thus

Thus preſſed on all ſides, Emma, though ſtill in a ſtate of convaleſcence, and who would gladly have poſtponed the ceremony, conſented to aſſume the title of Lady Beaufort; and the whole party repaired to the metropolis, ſave Sir Stanhope Murdoc, whoſe indiſpoſition from a recent cold, afforded him a ſufficient excuſe to procraſtinate his quitting a place where his inclinations ſtill hovered, with hopes of better ſucceſs than he had hitherto acquired over the blooming Eglantine, who, for the firſt time in her life, felt the heart-rending pang of parting with thoſe to whom ſhe was tenderly attached:—a pang no words can expreſs,—a feeling none can know, until it is dearly bought by ſad experience; and the purchaſe once made, how few but dread its repetition!

Lady Beaufort had entruſted to Eglantine's care all the poor families which, for ſome years, ſhe had protected from indigence and want, and who, ſhe knew, would

ſenſibly

ſenſibly feel her abſence, unleſs ſome foſtering hand continued to ſupply their weekly donations.—Eglantine embraced the truſt, with a faithful promiſe ſtrictly to execute it. In this intention ſhe walked out the ſame evening to make known her patroneſs's benevolent purport, with the confidence ſhe had placed in her.

After having viſited thoſe cottages, which ſhe knew Lady Beaufort and her ſiſter patroniſed, and delivered her ſeveral commiſſions, the uncommon ſerenity of the evening prompted her to extend her walk;—ſhe did ſo—till at laſt recollecting, as the evening gradually cloſed, that ſhe was already a conſiderable diſtance from home, ſhe determined to retrace her ſteps:—but another path at the ſame time caught her eye, that ſeemed to all appearance pleaſanter than the one ſhe had juſt trod,—it led apparently the ſame way, and being new, in her opinion ſufficiently authoriſed the purſuing its track.—For ſome diſtance

ſhe

ſhe kept in ſight the path ſhe had quitted, and ſtill finding they made the ſame windings, congratulated herſelf on the pleaſing exchange. Its beautiful verdure and variegated banks on one ſide, ſhadowed by an high projecting hedge, interſperſed by magnificent oaks and ſtately poplars, on the other, the lively green of the cultivated meadows riſing to the clouds in ſucceſſive ſhades, juſt tinged by the golden rays of a ſetting ſun, altogether formed an exquiſite ſcene in nature.—The windings began to vary: Eglantine ſoon forgot to keep in ſight the forſaken path, and wandered careleſsly on. Beginning to feel the effects of a long walk, ſhe ſat down to refreſh herſelf: a neat little cottage, encircled by a ſmall garden, well ſhaded on one ſide by lofty trees, fixed her attention. She gazed for ſome minutes on it with ſurpriſe, and vainly endeavoured to recal its ſituation to her memory; but ſhe had no recollection of having before noticed the little romantic dwelling; and now began to apprehend

prehend ſhe had miſtaken her road, to aſcertain which, ſhe roſe and proceeded towards this, the only cottage in ſight.

As ſhe approached, an elderly lady, dreſſed in a cloſe cap, a plain cotton gown, and a black ſilk apron, was trimming a few flowers that ornamented the border of a remarkably neat garden.

"Forgive me, Madam," ſaid Eglantine, "if I take the liberty to aſk you, how far I am from Ivy Bridge?"

"I do take it to be no liberty in the leaſt, my dear, to aſk one perſon civilly the right road; and I believe dat you are little nearly two leagues off dat place, dat is to ſay, ſix of your Engliſh miles,"—replied the old lady, at the ſame time requeſting Eglantine to enter and take ſome refreſhment.

"I have not great things to you offer," continued the old lady, "but you have a look

look very warm, and vat is me left, I have pleaſure in ſharing."

As ſhe ſpoke the laſt words, terminated by a ſigh, a dignity accompanied them that beſpoke her to be of no mean extraction. Eglantine entered a ſmall brick kitchen, where every tendency to ſplendour or ſhew, was ſupplanted by the ſtrong and uſeful, and of thoſe no more than abſolute neceſſity required.—Giving her a chair, the old lady bade her ſeat herſelf, and left her to fetch a piece of cake and a little cream from an adjoining room.—As ſhe opened the door, Eglantine eſpied a young woman with a child at her knee; her head reclined on her hand, as ſhe leant on a ſmall table, on which lay a white handkerchief, an half guinea, and ſome ſilver.—On the old lady's appearance, ſhe evidently ſeemed to aſſume a cheerful countenance, and took the child in her arms, uttering ſomething, but in a voice however too low to be heard by Eglantine, whoſe curioſity, though awakened, remained

remained ungratified, by the door being immediately closed.

Is it possible, thought Eglantine, two Ladies (for I am certain they are people of distinction), can seclude themselves in this lonely cot?—'tis strange I never heard them mentioned: I am mightily pleased with their aspect, and I think they are some unfortunate emigrants; for the accent and language of the Lady denote her to be a foreigner.—During this soliloquy, Eglantine had softly moved her chair rather nearer the parlour door, in order to catch a better glimpse of the young woman.

The old Lady returned with cake and cream; but the young one had taken her seat at the piano, and was playing the soft and plaintive tune of Jean Jaques Rousseau, so justly admired for the poetry and music, "*Je lài planté, je lài vu naitre.*"—Over the instrument hung an unfinished piece of drawing,

drawing, that ſeemed to be only juſt pinned there.—Eglantine knew the air to be a French one, and one ſhe had frequently heard Emma ſing to her harp; a circumſtance that rendered it the more grateful to her ear.

Having taken the refreſhment ſo kindly offered to her, ſhe aſked the good lady whether ſhe knew Miſs Evingtons. "The family whoſe houſe was lately burnt down, from the negligence of one of the ſervants leaving a candle in Mrs. Evington's dreſſing-room under the pier looking-glaſs, which caught the fringe of the curtain."

"Yes, my child," replied the old lady, "I know Miſs Evingtons by ſight, but not further, as the Engliſh ladies have rather afraid of ſtrangers, and certainly my ſituation and retreat don't invite them: one time I was acquainted with very many Engliſh ladies at my houſe; and when all houſes were open to me, and none could be

be better than my own, I had plenty of friends, becauſe I did want none:—however I doubt not that if I was in London, I could yet have good dinner perhaps of thoſe to whom I have given many:—but a heavy heart, my dear child, is but a bad gueſt to great dinners,—that is for why I prefer my little ſoup and boullie in a corner, where the dinner is as good as the appetite, and I will teach me to believe,

"Whatever heav'n ordains is beſt."

Eglantine expreſſed herſelf much indebted for this good Lady's kindneſs, and ingenuouſly ſympathiſed with her for the reverſe of fortune. As ſhe roſe to depart, entered a young man, whoſe downcaſt eyes and folded arms, ſeemed to indicate an heart oppreſſed by care. Awakened from his reverie by the ſound of a ſtranger's voice, he raiſed his head, and gracefully bowing, haſtily paſſed on to the adjacent apartment.

Having

Having gratefully returned her thanks, Eglantine took leave of the cottagers; fully determined to enquire of the firſt perſon ſhe met, who and what they were.

It was now after ſun-ſet. Unfortunately ſhe walked along in a quick pace without meeting any perſon ſhe knew, for about five miles, and had reſolved in her own mind to get her brother to make the enquiry for her the next morning; when very opportunely Hannah Smith, Miſs Patty Armintor's maid, joined her.—" Good gracious!" cried the latter, who would have ever conjectured *you know* of meeting you?—Lard bleſs me! how *overjoiced* I am to ſee you!"

" Perhaps not more ſo," replied Eglantine, " than I am to meet you, for it grows very dark."

" Well! ſure enough ſo it does," rejoined Hannah, " and you know it may be reckoned

reckoned the *fortun-hate* encounter on both ſides, for I began to be quite *appenſive* myſelf.—What, and ſo Lady Beaufort's gone to the *metopolis* with all our folks?—I don't know what ſure enough would have become of my young Miſtreſs, had not my Lord, the old fine gentleman you know, that ſays ſo many *vitching* things to peoples, have ſtaid to keep her company:—not but ſome folks will have it, he purpoſes to marry Miſs Evington; and that ſhe is *bony fide* in *armour'd* with him;—to be ſure there's no knowing for likings—and he's a fine gentleman enough, where age is not *concerted!*"

"I'll be bound to ſay," cried Eglantine with warmth, "they never were ſo much out of their reckoning in all their ſurmiſes: Sir Stanhope Murdoc, Miſs Maria's huſband!—a whimpering, withered, old fool!—fie upon it!—ſhe too in love with him!—merciful heaven! what ridiculous old goſſip has put that abſurd impoſſibility in circulation?

circulation?—I am certain if ſhe's in love it is with his ſweet-ſcented pomatum, not with himſelf; for who do you think could love ſuch a muſty tarniſhed piece of finery as old ſquare-toes?—Ha!—ha!—ha!—Juſt about as much as I am."

"So ſaid I, but people will talk you know," rejoined Hannah.—"As they ſay poor young Mr. Oſmond, and he's a nice young gentleman, doats on Madam Matilda, and that's its *ſpekious* enough ſhe's no great likings to him, to be ſure ſhe's a bootiful young Lady, though my Miſtreſs ſays ſhe's nothing to be made a *fuſturation* about;—and that ſhe knows well, ſhe muſt have a hard heart not to love Mr. Oſmond.—I know ſure enough ſomebody that would ſoon ſhew a ſoft heart if he'd a mind to *experiment* it to a trial:—But how came it about that you are ſo late this evening?—I wiſh there ben't more in the wind than *commonality*."

Perhaps,

" Perhaps," anſwered Eglantine, " for once you are not deceived; in reality my mind is overladen with concern, and no little curioſity:—firſt, you muſt learn, that I loſt my way,—next, that I am come from one of the prettieſt, the neateſt, one of the pleaſanteſt cottages I ever beheld, inhabited by ſome of the moſt intereſting people I ever ſaw, although I believe them French."

" As ſure as I'm alive," cried Hannah, " if they be not the ſame *parſons* my young Lady was talking you know about to me t'other morning!—Isn't there a young man, and a child, and a young woman?—la'wks! an ſure have you ſet eyes on 'em?—for ſhe ſaid they be French, and no better than they ſhould be:—though he paſſes for her brother, my Miſtreſs ſays, and ſhe's not eaſily *oppoſed* upon, he's as much her brother, as ſhe rides in a *pheaton* and ſix."

"Does ſhe then know them, their name, and from whence they come?" returned Eglantine.

"Bleſs me, no ſure!" continued Hannah,—"they han't been there long, but every body ſays they are as poor as church mice, as proud as the church ſteeple, and call themſelves De Souci.—Some folks ſay they are *nobleility*—that's as may be you know; as my young Miſtreſs ſays, it isn't our buſineſs to meddle and make in peoples affairs, though appearances are rather *miſterous*. Then they only keep one ſervant maid, that came with them, buys all they want, but never talks with any one, juſt as if ſhe was ſcared at a civil queſtion:—between you and I, theſe are only you know *ſuppoſals*—but where there's *ſpecion* there will *be adventions*."

Eglantine had now approached her houſe, and not wiſhing any further *ad*, or *inventions* from her *ſpecious* companion, bade her

her good-night, wiſhing her ſafe home;—perfectly unſatisfied with the account ſhe had given of her new-made friends. A good-inclined heart is not hurried away by every malevolent tongue to form ſuſpicious conjectures on an unknown character;—unleſs ſufficient evidence be adduced to juſtify ſurmiſe, no good mind will receive it: and the mind of Eglantine was too pure and too ingenuous to regard what had been uttered by Hannah, otherwiſe than as the effuſions of ſpleen, and a propenſity in her young miſtreſs and herſelf to be the harbingers of ſlander. "Believe me," ſaid ſhe to her brother, "had you been with me, you would have allowed that fraud and deceit never took refuge in ſuch ſhapes; they could not reſt beneath that roof:—I am confident it is the habitation of innocent grief. If my dear brother had ſeen the penſive attitude of that dear lady, leaning over one of the ſweeteſt children I ever ſaw, who was looking pitifully in her face when the door opened, he never, no never,

would forget her.—There was ſomething ſo elegant, ſo graceful, in the old lady's manner, that neither veil or habit, however inferior it might be, could diſguiſe the real gentlewoman.—Do, pray, Henry, obtain a more accurate account of them and their ſituation."

"Now you mention it," returned Henry, "I recollect having ſeen their maid, I ſuppoſe, laſt market-day. The ſingularity of her dreſs attracted my notice. She had on a very ſhort white petticoat, with two rows of ribbon round the bottom, a brown corſet, and a white apron. I remember her cap was quite different to any I had ever ſeen our girls wear; it ſeemed quite ſmall, and went plain round a very pretty face; on the border, which was of lace, I believe you call it, was alſo ſome floſs white ſilk, ſomething like enough to a worm, that edged it ſtraight round; little or no hair either behind or before; over that ſhe had a plain black ſilk bonnet, lined

lined with blue:—and ſuch neat legs, ſhoes and ſtockings, as you ſeldom ſee in Devonſhire.—I tried hard to get a parley with the little rogue, but ſhe ſhyed off.—She's a nice girl, I aſſure you, Jeeny."

After Henry had faithfully promiſed his ſiſter to be diligent in gratifying her wiſhes, they ſeparated for the night; each intereſted for theſe apparently amiable ſtrangers.

On the following market-day, Henry accidentally met their maid in one of the ſhops, purchaſing a few articles:—a rencontre ſo opportune, gave him hopes of obtaining ſome information; but his wiſhes were diſappointed; for ſhe obſtinately avoided entering into any converſation with him.—Sometimes giving no anſwer, at others only monoſyllables, from which he could not derive any knowledge. Finding his inquiries thus eluded, he queſtioned the ſhopkeeper, who, though nearly as ignorant on

the ſubject as himſelf, failed not to remark with the ſneer of miſtruſt, that the tradeſmen were fully determined not to give them any credit; for that it was univerſally rumoured theſe French people had no money, and therefore ſhould have no truſt. —"For my part," continued the man, "I ſhould have no objection to give the ſame credit I do to my other cuſtomers, and ſo charge accordingly; for it is by that means our goods tell moſt, as people muſt always pay well for being on the books; yet as my neighbours are unwilling to it, I would not be accuſed of giving the example, and to be ſure one can't aſcertain how things may turn out. Times are very hard, people muſt look at home, large families have great neceſſities; and if what's reported has any foundation, that young madam is a ſiſter by adoption only: —this ſort of friendſhip is dangerous, and therefore beſt be upon one's guard, and keep the right ſide of the bridge *you know.*"

Henry

Henry felt a ſtrong inclination to repel theſe baneful inſinuations; but knowing himſelf entirely uninformed on the ſubject, he judged it moſt prudent to defer any vindication, until an opportunity offered that might render him a more competent advocate, which he determined, by ſome means or other, to accompliſh. "As ſtrangers," ſaid Henry to himſelf," they demand our lenity, our protection, and ought not to be oppreſſed by a ſet of purſe-proud, petty, upſtart pack of tape meaſurers. I knows I be's nothing more than an honeſt farmer's ſon, rough as the fallow ground, and perhaps not fit to wipe their ſhoes, were they in poſſeſſion of their rights—what then? they are now diſtreſſed —who knows but I mayn't have it in my power to do ſomething for them?—and they may hereafter thank the honeſt farmer's ſon.—If by my labour I can make the barren ſoil flouriſh beneath my feet, do you think I can't alſo ſow a few ſmiles of chearfulneſs in a downcaſt boſom, or in the

oppreſſed heart, with ſucceſs, though the ſoil had been ever ſo high upon a time from my reach?—and I'm told they ben't no more proud than I be,—whatever folks may ſay,—or ſhe wou'dn't, ſure enough, fetch my little ſiſter cream and cakes with her own hands."

On Henry's return he imparted this ſoliloquy to his ſiſter, who had then been relating the incident to her father and mother; the former of whom, very readily conſented to do any thing in his power to accelerate their wiſhes.—" Nay," ſaid the good old man, " when I conſider how much I and my family have received from the bountiful purſes of the Evingtons, am I not in duty bound to offer my ſervices? —though my property is ſmall, there is enough to aſſiſt a neighbour; and as to what report may circulate, I never did or ever will give any credit to the devil's head meſſenger:—why ſhould the gentleman

ſay

ſay it is his ſiſter, and his mother, if they are not?"

"So ſay I, father!" replied Henry—"why indeed?—fine times when brother and ſiſter mayn't live together under their own mother's roof?"

"Aye," cried the careful old dame, "you are young, and don't know the ways of this wicked world:—I ſee no cauſe wherefore we ſhould go put our heads in the fire, and make a fine kettle o' fiſh of it after all—I ſees no reaſon that we muſt be foremoſt. Let ſome others go firſt—we are old—and what we got belongs to our children—Who'll protect them when we are gone?"

"Lord, mother!" exclaimed Henry, "you're always preaching!—what ſignifies what you have got if you make no uſe of it?—and do you think we can't protect ourſelves—a fig for other people's protection! Teeny ſhall have a nice huſband of my chuſing, and he'll protect her; won't

he, girl?"—giving Eglantine a ſlap on the back.

"I hope ſo," ſaid Eglantine; "but with your leave, I ſhall beg permiſſion to chuſe him for myſelf if you pleaſe.—I'm always for making my own bargains, and then the blame is on my own judgment."

"Huſbands, I aſſure you," continued the old dame, "are not ſo eaſily obtained as you young heads fancy, where there's nothing to make the pot boil:—when you are as old as I am you'll ſay ſo too—Haven't I often told you, that *Coupid* is never welcome but when he brings a leg of mutton in at the window?—Why, ſee Suſan Danceton—poor girl!—I remember her right gay, and as fine as the butterfly, the fairy queen of all the neighbourhood for miles and miles—many a good quarrel has been made on her account—and how is ſhe now?—if it was not for Miſs Emma that was, Lady Beaufort that is, ſhe had not bread to eat—who's ſhe to thank for it

but

but her own generoſity, and minding every idle fibber that came for charity."

"Well," returned Henry, "I hope you don't mean to ſay her father ever gave any thing away,—unleſs it was an empty bottle for a full one—though he'd preach fine things enough to his daughter, on economy; and in my opinion there's not a nicer woman living than Suſan Danceton —or a better heart—and that's every thing, is not it, Teeny?"—another ſlap on the back.

Old Aſhwood ſaid nothing, but propoſed in his own mind to viſit the De Soucys. We muſt, however, obſerve in juſtice, that although his wife looked twice at a thing before ſhe beſtowed it, ſhe always exulted in a generous action, and whenever ſhe overcame this tendency to parſimony, ſhe evinced ſuch traits of pleaſure as clearly proved that ſhe poſſeſſed a very compaſſionate heart—whoſe liberal ſentiments had been contracted under the precepts

of

of a covetous old aunt. Her husband, however, always GAVE, DID, or SAID, what appeared to him equitable; certain in the end, to meet with her approbation.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" But I was taught in a ſincerer clime
That virtue, though it ſhine not, ſtill is virtue;
And inbred honour grows not, but at home,
This my heart knows."

A. A. Hill.

SOME time after the foregoing converſation, early one morning as Henry was going to an adjacent fair, he obſerved a beautiful child ſit crying at the trunk of a tree. Its yellow hair hung in golden ringlets round its face:—near it lay a blue ſattin cap, trimmed with black fur;—a large Newfoundland dog ſeemed to watch by its ſide. The child's cries drew Henry to the ſpot, where he would have approached the ſweet cherub, for it ſeemed in reality celeſtial, but the menacing viſage of his canine guard, whoſe terrible grin ſeemed to threaten deſtruction, forbade the ſmalleſt attempt to draw near his little weeping ward.

This

" This child," thought Henry, " is doubtleſs the ſame my ſiſter mentioned, and yonder's the cottage it has ſtrayed from. Poſſibly the parents at this moment are uneaſy for its ſafety."

The impulſe of benevolence inſtantly bent his ſteps towards the identical cot of—

So much village talk,

where he found the blue-eyed maiden buſily occupied in cleaning the neat parlour before deſcribed. On his entrance ſhe ſtarted, and requeſted to know his commands.

" Simply," replied Henry, who, with a good figure and handſome features, equipped in his beſt clothes, and more than uſually florid with his walk, was no unintereſting perſonage—" ſimply to inform you a lovely young child, I have reaſon to believe belonging to this family, is in imminent

minent danger, as various ſorts of beaſts and cattle are paſſing near it on their way to a neighbouring fair. — I would have brought it in my arms to the door, but for the care of a large Newfoundlander, who will ſuffer no one to come near him."

"Oh! merciful heaven!" exclaimed the affrighted girl, throwing down her broom, "is it poſſible Edward has eſcaped from the garden—where, where, Sir, did you leave him?"

Henry then haſtily conducted the terrified Suzette to the ſpot, where the faithful dog was actually keeping off an enraged heifer that had been wantonly tormented by its cruel driver, and had eluded his vigilance.—Half mad with heat and pain, the overtired animal was darting towards the little boy, and probably, unprevented by this guardian Newfoundlander, would have killed the child, who, terrified, lay ſtretched on the ground, hiding its face with its little hands. The faithful animal

no

no ſooner eſpied Suzette with Henry, than he began triumphantly to wag his tail, forſook his antagoniſt, and fawned round their feet with evident marks of exultation.

Suzette's apprehenſions had prevented her giving them utterance until ſhe arrived at the place of terror; where, taking the child in her arms, ſhe warmly returned her unbounded thanks for Henry's attention—"Ah! Sir, had any accident befallen this dear angel, I never could have faced my miſtreſs—poor Madam de Souci! it would have killed her I am certain; already ſhe has misfortunes enough to overpower her ſtrength."

Lion, who heretofore had kept Henry at ſo great a diſtance, now played round him, and ſeemed grateful for his interference—"Thou faithful beaſt," ſaid Henry, "were I thy maſter, I'd not part with thee for my life."—"That dog," rejoined Suzette, "is a moſt extraordinary creature—he has once before

before ſaved this child's life, in a manner which, on ſome leiſure day when we meet again, I will inform you—now I have not time."

Henry gladly accepted the challenge, and withdrew, reminding her of the propoſed interview; under which promiſe we will leave him, and return to Mr. and Mrs. Evington, and family, who, with Mr. Evans, his daughter, and Mrs. Munſter, had now taken their farewel viſit of Sir George and Lady Beaufort, and propoſed to embark from Margate for Oſtend.

Lady Beaufort felt this ſeparation moſt ſenſibly. Notwithſtanding the gay ſcene ſhe had engaged in ſince her reſidence in London, the ſadneſs of her heart, on parting with her parents and the friends of her juvenile years, was in no degree diſpelled.

Sir George, with the tendereſt ſolicitude, ſoothed her affliction, not as moſt men of faſhion,

faſhion, who leave to others the care of alleviating a wife's uneaſineſs, he alone undertook the pleaſing taſk, by his attention and affection to diſſipate her grief. He knew his preſence in ſome meaſure compenſated for the loſs of others, and therefore neither the preſſing ſolicitations of his friends, neither public or private amuſements, nor any allurement whatever, could induce him to leave his wife until her peace of mind was ſufficiently re-eſtabliſhed to partake the pleaſures of ſociety and of public diverſions with him unreluctantly.

He did not eſcape the ridicule of his gay friends; but when principles are influenced by the dictates of the heart, they are not to be removed by the ſilly jeſts of raillery. —"Emma," he would tell them, "entruſted her life, her perſon, and her happineſs to me—were I unhappy, were I ſick, confident I am ſhe would not leave me—ſhall I then refuſe to cheriſh her in my boſom for a few days? Ah! no—and whoever

ever ſeeks for true bliſs in the matrimonial ſtate, muſt expect to find it at their own fire-ſide, and of their own creating. Happineſs is much talked of, envied, and ſought after, while in ourſelves, in our own boſoms, alone it dwells:

"Vain, very vain the weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind."

Whoever will endeavour to content himſelf with his own ſtation in life, on comparing it to thouſands infinitely worſe, and nothing is more eaſily effected; he will in that contentment find the happineſs he may imagine to be unattainable. This will alſo ſuperinduce that perfect reſignation to the will of Providence, which enables us to bear the viciſſitudes of human life, not only with philoſophy, but with chearfulneſs.

"I am inclined to believe," continued Sir George Beaufort, addreſſing himſelf to ſome gentlemen who diſapproved of his keeping

keeping ſo much at home during his lady's indiſpoſition, " I am inclined to believe, that it more frequently depends on our ſex to render our wives faithful and affectionate, than it is in their power to make us good huſbands; and am of opinion, that there are more amiable women traduced, and ultimately ruined by the negligent behaviour of their own huſbands, than by any other means: at any rate this conduct muſt entirely deſtroy all harmony; and diſcord in wedlock muſt be truly wretched."

" Would you have a man," replied Lord E——, " ſit moping by the fire-ſide, dangling the ſqualling brats on his knee, ſympathiſe with my Lady in the vapours, and become as hypochondriac as her Ladyſhip's ſweet ſelf."

" Not ſo, my Lord—your queſtion is foreign to my argument: for no woman of ſenſe would demand of her huſband the like painful confinement:—but ſuffer me to aſk you, what is a young woman to do, juſt married, probably launched from the nurſery

nurſery into the great drawing-room of pleaſure, folly, and diſſipation, to ſay no worſe of it, united to the man of her choice—if fortunately ſhe has been allowed to chuſe for herſelf—what, I aſk, is ſhe to do, if, emerged in this buſy vortex of pleaſure, ſhe finds herſelf alone in the multitude, but ſtill hover near the ſole object of her affection, relying on his love, who before their marriage vowed and revowed, by every ſacred power, eternal conſtancy; who profeſſed to live only in her preſence, to exiſt on her ſmiles; *entre nous*, the univerſal language of lovers. She looks to him for a continuation of his attentions and tenderneſs; judge then what is her mortification to find herſelf already neglected, her preſence become irkſome to him: her ſmiles are now diſregarded; and ſhe is left the whole day by herſelf to go, do, and ſee, what and whom ſhe pleaſes.—Peradventure they meet for the firſt time at dinner, ſurrounded by company, who queſtionleſs detain him over his bottle; while

his

his wife is enticed to the opera, to the play, or elſewhere, to paſs away the time; there, ſurrounded by a ſet of young men, her ear is poiſoned by the ſoft deluſion of pernicious flattery. He who once pleaſed beyond all others, is now abſent. Does he appear? his lips are blackened with liquor, his eyes half cloſed by its exhalations, his breath abſolutely repugnant if he ſpeaks, and too often reeling as he walks—yet this is the dear partner of her choice! Her companion for life! Dreadful reflection! This is the being, who by ties the moſt ſacred, has promiſed to promote her happineſs, whom ſhe ought to conſider as her guardian and protector; but who, inſtead of being either, leaves her to the ſnares and machinations of his own reprobate companions. After having himſelf by ſuch conduct thrown her into this chaos of diſſipation and riot, where ſo many before her have been alike dazzled by the ſame glittering track, the beaten path of folly, and have fallen victims to the magic of deluſion, it is not ſurpriſing, however

ever it may be cenſurable, that ſhe is gratified by receiving that adulation, that attention from others, ſhe was won't to accept from him and him alone;—while every one appears fonder of her than is her huſband; while every one ſhew themſelves more intereſted for her welfare than himſelf, what can be expected but that they will imperceptibly undermine her affections towards him. Does her heart, ſtill virtuous, lament his altered conduct? She perhaps attempts to retrieve his accuſtomed tenderneſs, which proving ſucceſsleſs, ſhe will at firſt mourn his indifference, till by degrees diſappointment provokes her to repent the marriage vow, while her hapleſs huſband, too confident that he is juſtly reprehenſible, yet too proud to confeſs his error, hears her with impatience and ill-humour, declares her tears are ridiculous fooliſh whimpering—her ſighs nonſenſical, enough to make him melancholy—her careſſes are faſtidious—in ſhort, he is completely tired of her; therefore, whatever

ſhe

ſhe does, or whatever ſhe may ſay, it muſt prove abortive.

" The next conſequence is evident; ſhe is prevailed on to complain of his unkindneſs to her ſuppoſed friends and admirers, who ſeldom omit to aggravate the cauſe; pity ſoon becomes too grateful to reſiſt calling it forth on the moſt trifling intervention of neglect, till at length, ſupported by ſuch auxiliaries, ſhe conceives herſelf perfectly at liberty to ſeek for pleaſure and happineſs abroad. The reſult is obvious: and though daily inſtances occur of this, ſome men *pretend* to wonder how their wives can behave ſo improperly."

Lord E—— rejoined with jocularity, " What a ſet of good people we ſhould have, if all huſbands and wives thought as you do!—however, I ſo far coincide with your remarks, that I believe the natural ſoftneſs of the female heart, when it is once engaged; would not eaſily ſwerve from its choice, while cheriſhed by a reciprocal conſtancy.

conſtancy. But inconſtancy is not more attached to the mariners' compaſs, than it is eternally ingrafted in the female ſex, ſo that on the ſmalleſt deviation on our ſide *away* they fly!"

"The accuſation is unjuſt; but to take your own words," returned Sir George, "we are rightly puniſhed; for if a treaſure is not worth the trouble of protecting it, if we have a favourite bird, and we not only open its cage, but teach it how to fly, ſurely the blame moſt inevitably devolves on ourſelves. I am ſtrongly inclined to believe, that where one woman proves faithleſs to her firſt affection, ten times that number in our ſex have deſerted, premeditatedly deſerted, theirs.—Nay, I am certain, that at the time I am ſpeaking, I know more than one woman, who during the fidelity of their lovers, at leaſt his apparent fidelity, would have refuſed princes for his ſake, and are ſince rewarded for this attachment by the moſt criminal deſertion; for to excite affection and wantonly to diſcard it, is, in

my opinion, the higheſt degree criminal; and this infamous turpitude is ſeldom committed for any other reaſon than the conſideration, that another lady is poſſeſſed of a few more pence, and what is the deceitfulneſs of riches, or for an aquiline noſe—a pouting lip—a blue eye—or ſome ſuch unpardonable whimſicallity!"

"Well, but my dear Sir, don't put yourſelf in a paſſion," replied Lord E——"are not men and women too allowed to gratify their own fancy? If we may not do it when ſingle, when the devil is it allowable—beſides, there's no knowing a woman at firſt—one may try half a ſcore before we meet with one worth having. Oh! there's nothing like variety!—Variety's the word for ever!"

"The fair ſex are moſt exceedingly flattered by your good opinion, my Lord, which, I muſt confeſs, ſeems more calculated for a Mahometan courtier's principles, than praiſeworthy in an Engliſhman," rejoined Sir George Beaufort, with good humour.

"There's

" There's no arguing with you I ſee, you are become ſo great a champion in the cauſe," ſaid Lord E——, willing to end the ſubject:—" I am no caſuiſt; give me choice and liberty, and two ſtrings to my bow. You, however, are faſt tied already, and muſt throw your wings aſide; while I, like the roving bee, fly from one to another, ſip ſweets from all, till novelty ſhall fail to pleaſe, and variety is exhauſted: then in my rambles I will ſelect one virgin bloſſom, expanding beſide its mother roſe.—And before the breath of adulation has perverted the ſweet bud, ſecure it for my own, for ever and aye!"

" Indeed, your determination, my young friend," anſwered Sir George, " is truly meritorious. Let me conſider—your firſt intention is to impoſe on as many credulous hearts as you can deceive with impunity; and the more truly wretched you leave them, the greater will be your exultation in this *glorious* defeat by your wonderful execution.—The next reſolution is,

that this career of gallantry being run out, and you find yourſelf ſatiated with the irregularity of its courſe, you will then take a young woman for your wife, or, more correctly ſpeaking, for your nurſe, who is either compelled by parental authority, ambition, or by ſome other intereſted motive, to accept of an infirm old man for her huſband, and who muſt either ſacrifice her youth and beauty, or your honour; at all events, ſhe will moſt probably wiſh you ſafely depoſited under ground, that ſhe may have her liberty and pleaſure above it.—Well! all things duly conſidered, I muſt applaud your"—"Stop!" cried Lord E—, muſing on the picture Sir George had drawn, "ſtop, Sir, I conjure you, where you are; for you make me ſhudder, and you do not underſtand entirely my meaning."

Sir George, pleaſed to find he had made ſome impreſſion on a youth whoſe mind and morals were on the verge of depravity, urged

urged on by fancy's illuſion to falſe pleaſure, warmly expatiated on the inconſiſtency of acquiring either pleaſure or ſatisfaction by adopting a mode of life abſolutely detrimental to his health, his character, his religion, and his happineſs; and obtained his promiſe, ſeriouſly to reflect on their converſation; truſting it might be productive of an alteration in his lordſhip's ſentiments.

CHAP. IV.

" Such wind as ſcatter young men thro' the world
To ſeek their fortunes further then at home,
Where ſmall experience grows."

SHAKSPEARE.

LADY Beaufort now only waited the arrival of letters from the continent to return with her huſband into Devonſhire. Already fatigued with the noiſe and continual buſtle of London, ſhe very anxiouſly wiſhed to regain that ſoft peace, that unmoleſted quiet which reigns in the country, and which ſhe had ever been accuſtomed to enjoy in its moſt luxurious ſtate, both of nature and of cultivation.

Eglantine wrote to her conſtantly concerning her ſtewardſhip, mentioning how much her penſioners lamented her abſence. In one of theſe letters ſhe informed her benefactreſs of what had paſſed at the *neat*

little

little cottage, minutely dwelling on the apparent diſtreſs of, and the reaſons ſhe had for believing its reſidents to be people of rank, &c. To all this Lady Beaufort could only reply, by intimating a wiſh to know more of the cottagers; and deſired Eglantine, if an opportunity intervened whereby ſhe could with delicacy aſſiſt them in pecuniary circumſtances, to make uſe of her purſe, truſting to circumſtances and her diſcretion. This intelligence rendered Lady Beaufort the more deſirous to leave London; not ſo much to gratify her curioſity as the benevolent inſtigations of her generous heart, which anticipated the pleaſure of being more effectually inſtrumental, by her preſence, towards the relief of the oppreſſed.

Meanwhile a new incident withdrew Lady Beaufort's attention from Devonſhire, and attracted it more forcibly to the metropolis.—Being at a rout one evening at Lady Sinclair's, ſhe obſerved a young man, whoſe engaging mien beſpoke his

rank in life ſomething above the common claſs, often turn aſide when unobſerved to heave a ſtifled ſigh, that would have penetrated the moſt obdurate heart; then reaſſume a chearfulneſs ſo obviouſly forced, that it could not be miſconſtrued by the moſt unconcerned ſpectator:

" Oft as the ſtrangers' boſom heaves with ſighs,
The ſoft reſponſes in our boſoms riſe."

PRATT.

Grief in any ſhape ever attached Lady Beaufort to the object ſuffering from its corroding ſhafts. Turning to Lady Sinclair, ſhe exclaimed, " Do inform me who is that young man in deep mourning, whoſe dejection is ſuppreſſed with ſuch difficulty?"

" Do you mean de Belville?" returned Lady Sinclair; " him leaning over the pretty gay Lady Madden's chair?"

" I do," replied Lady Beaufort.

" I thought as much," cried Lady Sinclair coquetiſhly (as if to impart his perſonal attractions were the only magnet); " him,

" him, my dear? poor fellow! he's an emigrant that Sinclair has taken into the houſe as tutor and companion for our Charles. For my own part, I am grown horridly averſe to the man; for I am ſure if Charles imbibes his mopiſh manners, he'd better never ſhew himſelf in company."

" Some diſtreſs of mind, perchance," rejoined Lady Beaufort, " occaſions his melancholy; yet I am ſurpriſed your Ladyſhip diſlikes him, as I ſhould have imagined his elegant manners and behaviour were ſufficient to overbalance a temporary evil."

" Oh," continued Lady Sinclair, " as to that, the creature knows well enough every minutiæ appertaining to etiquette in politeneſs.—My ſon poſitively adores him; and tells me, were I acquainted with his intrinſic worth, I ſhould alſo admire him as much as I now think his preſence irkſome.—To be ſure he's handſome enough to look at; which is the only thing that renders him tolerable.—Charles would

have me liſten to his adventures, ſympathize with him, condole over the misfortunes he has endured, which are, from his account, more numerous than the hairs on his head, and which, as you may perceive, is thick enough God knows.—But really my dear, there are ſo many evils in life, that ſooner or later fall to the lot of every individual, that I have no inclination to ſeek it half way, or ſhare the unenviable portion with others, while it is avoidable: nor indeed are my nerves adequate to bear the recital of irremediable miſeries; it really affects one ſo exceedingly!"

"Then does your ladyſhip accuſe this young man," cried Lady Beaufort—her eyes ſparkling with indignation, and ſurpriſe marking every word ſhe ſpoke—"with ſtupidity, becauſe he is overwhelmed by affliction, and is perhaps unable to ſupport your raillery, or keep pace with your ladyſhip's uncommon flow of ſpirits?—he poſſibly laments the loſs of a tenderly beloved

loved parent—Methinks I ſhould like much to hear his ſtory."

"Not only ſo," exclaimed Lady Sinclair —"he alſo mourns a wife, I underſtand from Charles; for by my deſire, he never mentions any of his grievances before me. —My ſon one day began telling me ſomething of his father, mother, brother, and wife, ſiſter, couſin, in fact a whole generation of them, having all in one day fallen victims to the ſacrilegious guillotine; and would have proceeded—But I begged, if he meant not to kill me at once, to withhold all ſuch diſmal accounts with which the papers are daily infeſted. I have ſometimes attempted to draw his attention, to laugh and talk him out of theſe vapours; but I find the taſk is no leſs arduous than ineffectual; and therefore now leave him to entertain himſelf ſince he will not amuſe me.—Certainly he is a moſt accompliſhed, handſome young man, and it is a great pity he gives way to this vapouriſh diſpoſition; ſurely there muſt be ſomething in our air

malignant to foreigners; for I am told he uſed to be the livelieſt creature in Paris, and the moſt good-humoured."

The entry of more viſitors here ſtopped Lady Sinclair's converſation, and left the young bride to reflect on what ſhe had ſaid: —" Good heavens;" thought Lady Beaufort, " can any one pretend to have delicate nerves and fine feelings, while they talk and think in a ſtrain ſo diametrically oppoſite to all ideas of ſenſation!—how inconſiſtent is her Ladyſhip's language—how void of humanity!"

" O ſweet humanity!
All need, alas! thy tender help below,
To heighten rapture and to ſolace woe:
One lean on all—not all on one."

PRATT.

Lady Beaufort ſtill ſecretly wiſhing to be more fully acquainted with de Belville's hiſtory, requeſted young Charles Sinclair to call on her the enſuing morning, and having obtained his promiſe for that purpoſe

poſe left the party, more than uſually intereſted for the young emigrant.

The ſame night ſhe mentioned what had paſſed between her and Lady Sinclair, concerning the ſtranger, to her huſband, obſerving, at the ſame time, her ſurpriſe that ſhe profeſſed being unable to ſupport the recital of a melancholy incident, and yet feel ſo little for another perſon's ſufferings: "I ſhould have imagined," continued ſhe, "that it were morally impoſſible to poſſeſs the one, bereft of the other."

"You judge very properly, my love," replied Sir George, "in reality no perſon feels the one unaccompanied by the other; for in fact theſe two feelings can never be ſeparated. But there are numbers who talk of their extreme ſenſibility, who faint away on every occaſion, who are terrified to death where there is not even a ſhadow of danger; and who are preciſely thoſe people who never yet knew the genial warmth of true feeling, real humanity, or

ever

ever compaſſionated any thing on earth but themſelves:—their ſole purſuit through life is to render themſelves comfortable, heedleſs of all the world beſides.—I believe de Belville to be a moſt amiable young man; his accompliſhments are no leſs numerous than his underſtanding and ſound ſenſe is eminent. I have converſed with him on various topics with infinite ſatisfaction. He is an excellent claſſic, and has aſſociated with the firſt men of letters and education. I have more than once been inclined to enquire whom his heart and habit ſo evidently laments; but was fearful my curioſity might revive paſt occurrences, therefore debarred myſelf the gratification, and have never had an opportunity of converſing with Charles Sinclair but in de Belville's preſence."

On the following morning Charles Sinclair attended his ſummons with pleaſurable alacrity; as Lady Beaufort had ever been one

one of his greateſt favourites, and in his idea a model of perfection.

The uſual routine of ſmall talk and complimentary enquiries having paſſed, Lady Beaufort intimated her wiſh to learn from her young viſitor the ſequel of de Belville's emigration—a wiſh which Charles inſtantly gratified; for being much attached to his friend and tutor, he warmly eſpouſed his cauſe, and eagerly embraced every opportunity of diſplaying his merits. That our readers may form ſome idea of Charles Sinclair, before we proceed any further, we will lightly touch on the moſt intereſting periods of his youth previous to de Belville's entering into his family. Charles Sinclair had juſt attained his eighteenth year, and pourtrayed the invaluable effects ariſing from an early attention to children's morals and education. Being an only ſon, his parents could not part with the dear boy, even to his future benefit, from beneath their own roof, or ſubject him to the rough

rough treatment of older boys, or be buffetted about at a public ſchool. A tutor was provided for young maſter at home, where, poor fellow, he perhaps ſaw leſs of his parents, and enjoyed their company leſs than if he he had been at ſchool; from whence, during the holidays, as his preſence would have been temporary, his company had been deſirable.—As it was, he moſtly reſided at their country ſeat, or when in London, made his appearance for an hour after dinner, to be ſtuffed with fruit and cakes, till he could eat no longer; careſſed and ſpoiled. Generally undoing all his wiſe tutor had laborioufly inſtilled in the morning. Happily for the child, theſe diurnal viſits were often interrupted by engagements.—As his father and mother were too deeply immerſed in the gaieties of a faſhionable life to attend to their darling ſon and heir, he was left wholly to the direction of his tutor, who having been ſlightly recommended as adequate to the charge, was ſuffered to purſue, unqueſtioned and unregarded,

unregarded, whatever tracks he deemed adviſable. This tutorſhip devolved on an elderly gentleman, whoſe reduced circumſtances rendered it neceſſary to promote by his own induſtry, a livelihood for an orphan daughter and himſelf. Having received a claſſical and liberal education, and incapable of any mechanical employment, he gladly embraced this ſituation, where, finding the proſpect of rearing his pupil would probably be left entirely to his own judgment, and the child ſufficiently docile, he zealouſly predetermined to make him a ſhining character. To expedite this wiſh, he gave up ſociety, and every other impediment that might intervene to withdraw his attention from his pupil's education, and to facilitate this his favourite and grand purſuit; to ſee his ſon, as he uſed to call him, vie with the whole world, occupied every moment of his life.

Unwilling to overload his pupil's head and imagination with too great a variety, but

but to perfect him in one ſcience before he began another, his progreſs was ſlow; yet the good man perceived, with uncommon delight, that it was durable, and flattered himſelf that he ſhould ſucceed to the full extent of his laudable ambition.—At ſixteen, Charles promiſed to reward his guardian and moral protector, by the moſt favourable predilections of great parts and extenſive penetration; a mind thus carefully prepared, ready to imbibe the ſpirit of that of which it had hitherto only taken a curſory view, eagerly ſought knowledge, and would have ſucceeded; but unfortunately Charles here loſt his terreſtrial guardian angel, whoſe great anxiety and cloſe confinement to ſtudy, preyed on his intellects, undermined his conſtitution, and he had the mortification to leave the finiſhing of his work, all thoſe exquiſite touches that render it complete, to the rude hand of ſome blundering advocate, ſome uncouth interloper, or to be deſtroyed by the ravages of unguided paſſions, that had ever been controuled

controuled with an imperceptible yet ſtraightened curb.

A few months elapſed, during which young Charles was left to the ſole dictates of his own fancy, with the pernicious example of a father's irregularities before him, an handſome, gay young mother, whoſe time and thoughts were too much filled with admiration to engage her ſon's continuance to his ſtudies, and who rather enjoyed to hear his praiſes repeatedly echoed in his preſence, inconſiderately pleaſing her own vanity.—But never dreamt that ſo much eulogium on an incomplete half-lettered mind, would ruin the foundation before the edifice was raiſed, and the materials waſted ere they had aſſumed their proper formation.

Providentially here, as in the former inſtance, fortune favoured young Sinclair's ſteps, and introduced in Count de Belville, another tutelar guardian, in time to prevent

vent the perverſion of his good qualities.

De Belville's mild diſpoſition, gilded by the higheſt ſenſe of real honour—not the mere droſs, falſly entertained by half thoſe men who call themſelves men of honour; but honour in the true ſenſe of the word—honour to abominate a meanneſs, to ſcorn an unjuſt ſuſpicion of any kind; honour to deſpiſe an abject ſpirit; to pity the paltry coward; not take advantage of the inſignificant poltroon, but baniſh him from the honour of his own ſociety;—laſtly, *honour* to recoil at the bare idea of ſpending at the gaming table the poor tradeſman's due:—ſuch were de Belville's ideas of honour, and ſuch the principles that endeared him to young Sinclair, who now with fervency related his friend's narrative, and to which we ſhall allot a new chapter.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

" When health and youth, with flowing ſpirits crown'd,
Sport in the heart, diffuſing joys around,
Reaſon aſcends her throne, elate and fair,
And ſelf-ſufficient laughs at every care.
But when diſtreſs with conſcience terror join'd,
Beats down our peace and gathers on the mind,
Reaſon at once diſowns her pow'r to ſave,
And lets her vot'ry ſink beneath the grave;
For when the ſtorms of conſcience trouble blow,
She turns her back, and meanly joins the foe."

J. Fellows.

"COUNT de Belville's family formerly, in hapleſs France, ranked immediately after the princes of the blood. There he formed an attachment to a young lady of immenſe fortune, that laſted two years, in which he had to encounter with all the caprice and inſtability of a heart lodged in the breaſt of an avaricious parent, who ſometimes received

ceived him graciouſly, and at others forbade him his houſe, a command, however, de Belville would never comply with. Two years rolled away in a continual ſtate of hope and deſpair, during which time every impediment that intervened to diſturb their peace of mind rather ſerved to increaſe de Belville's paſſion than oppoſe its progreſs,—and which I am told is moſtly the caſe in love affairs"—added Sinclair, ſmiling, and then rejoined—" At length an event took place, that promiſed to accelerate their mutual happineſs, in the death of an opulent relation, whereby de Belville acquired a fortune equivalent to old chevalier de Courcy's ſanguine wiſhes, who immediately conſented to their union. Elated with joy, the enraptured de Belville repaired to the fair Julienne's apartment, to diſcloſe this unexpected good fortune. She liſtened to him with thoſe pleaſurable emotions, which ſhe neither wiſhed to diſguiſe or affected to diſregard.—I have often heard him ſay, the occurrences of that

morning

morning are never to be effaced from his memory, particularly her attitude when he entered the room—the door being ajar—he ſurveyed the object of his affections unnoticed for a few minutes, as ſhe ſtood leaning againſt a muſic ſtand, her head reclined on her hand, and her tears falling faſt on a a ſmall medallion with a lock of his hair. Much diſtreſſed to obſerve her weep, he ruſhed forward and folded her in his arms, before ſhe had time to recogniſe the object; and gently upbraided her for ſhedding unneceſſary tears, while ſhe muſt be perfectly acquainted with the ſtability of his attachment.—Julienne de Courcy replied with tremor, ſhe never doubted his tenderneſs; that he obtruded on her privacy at the moment ſhe was lamenting a father's harſh command, who had that morning ſternly refuſed to ever conſent to their marriage, and had peremptorily forbade her to receive de Belville's viſits on any conſideration.—'Had I not reaſon,' ſaid ſhe, 'to ſhed tears on parting with all that rendered

dered life desirable to your Julienne? But every tear is turned to joy, and with thee I shall forget I ever knew pain.'—They then descended to the old chevalier's library, and with unbounded gratitude expressed their warmest acknowledgments.

" But towards the evening poor de Belville again underwent the tortures of suspense in the most alarming degree imaginable.—Julienne's delicate constitution, long harassed by an uneasy mind, and a continual state of uncertainty, sunk beneath the pressure it had lately sustained. The physicians were called in time only to prevent an immediate dissolution. They were of opinion, her malady arose from a sudden transition of grief to joy that had turned her blood, and might prove fatal if the violence of the fever did not abate in four-and-twenty hours. In the intermediate time you may readily believe, dear madam, my poor friend, by his own description, was in a condition not less deplorable than his intended bride—heaping curses on himself

and

and reproaching his unguarded conduct. Happily, at the expiration of the predicted time, ſhe was proclaimed out of danger provided a relapſe did not enſue. Seven days paſſed before any perſon could prevail on the diſtreſſed lover to refreſh his agonized mind by a few hours' reſt, till nature ſeemed almoſt exhauſted:

" When ſleep, the wretch's kind relief
(Tho' potent drugs invite his pow'r),
Denies one little pauſe to grief,
The balmy reſpite of an hour."

During ſix weeks Julienne continued too ill to admit of any company; now and then only permitted to converſe with de Belville for a quarter of an hour.

" On her recovery, parties began to rage with great vehemence at Paris, and unfortunately the ſentiments of Count de Belville, and his family, were directly oppoſite to thoſe of old chevalier de Courcy, who enthuſiaſtically fomented the democratical ebullitions that were then form-

ing.—Political controverſies ſwayed every body's opinion; male and female joined the converſation, and all thought themſelves adequate to diſcuſs the dangerous topic.—In one of theſe debates between the houſes of de Belville and de Courcy, a moſt violent diſpute aroſe, which ended in a ſettled averſion to each other. The old gentleman retracted his paſt conſent, proteſting he would ſooner ſtab his own child than be connected with a family he deteſted.—Julienne's brother at this time arrived at Paris on leave of abſence, and eſpouſed his ſiſter's cauſe. Another painful interval enſued, under the hopes of regaining the old gentleman's good-will, who now very narrowly watched his daughter, and neither his ſon's perſuaſive arguments, his daughter's tears, or her lover's prayers, ſerved in the leaſt to meliorate his obdurate rancour. Young de Courcy foreſaw that his father would remain immovable, and conſented to his ſiſter marrying de Belville privately; which ceremony, his mother and himſelf being preſent,

preſent, was accordingly performed by an abbé long attached to the Belville family, —The old counteſs de Belville, though ſhe countenanced the union, prevailed on her daughter-in-law, now Julienne de Belville, ſtill to reſide under her father's roof a few months longer; truſting that perſeverance on her part, and remorſe on his, would at length give them a favourable opportunity of avowing her clandeſtine marriage:—an expedient which her brother judged ſo neceſſary, that de Belville found himſelf compelled to acquieſce, notwithſtanding his ſecret wiſhes were to quit Paris with his bride, and leave the reconciliation to take place in their abſence. Conformable to this agreement, Julienne reſided in her father's houſe, now and then availing herſelf of her parent's abſence to enjoy her huſband's company, which was ſometimes effected by her brother's endeavours to retain his father from home, who by ſeeing Julienne more compoſed, had grown leſs watchful; and therefore ventured to make

longer viſits at his country-houſe, or elſewhere, than had been cuſtomary ſince the commencement of his daughter's attachment; thus giving the diſtreſſed Julienne frequent opportunities of ſeeing her beloved huſband.

" An incident, ſoon after this calm, aroſe that effectually procraſtinated their hopes. The old chevalier de Courcy, wiſhing to prevent the poſſibility of an intermarriage with de Belville's family, ſelected a young man whoſe ſentiments were ſtrictly in uniſon with his own, and preſented him to Julienne as her intended huſband; adding, at the ſame time, any heſitation would be diſregarded, and all objections would be fruitleſs, ſince it was his will and pleaſure, which ſhe knew once fixed, was unalterable.

" The ſame night de Belville was privately informed, that unleſs he quitted Paris inſtantly he would be arreſted and committed to priſon:—almoſt diſtracted, he conſulted with his father and mother whether to go or riſk the event:—inclination ſtrongly

ly prompted him to contemn the trial, rather than voluntarily abandon a dearly beloved wife to the perſecutions of her avaricious father. But the intreaties of his own affectionate parents, who on their knees implored his departure, prevailed—and he left his adored bride to their care, in caſe neceſſity might force her to claim their protection. Satisfied with their aſſurances, he left his unhappy country. In the courſe of a few weeks following, he ventured, in diſguiſe, to hazard an interview with his wife, which, with great danger, however, he effected. He then learned from her, that ſhe had poſitively declared to her father no compulſion ſhould make her give her hand to him who could never poſſeſs her heart.—'At firſt, in his rage and anger, he threatened vengeance on you,' continued ſhe, 'to which threats I anſwered, by ſaying, it muſt in the end fall on me, as I did not heſitate to aſſure him, that I would not ſurvive you. The determined manner in which I pronounced

theſe words, firm as was my reſolute intention to fulfil them, ſomewhat intimidated my father, who regarded me with a look of ſurpriſe, mingled with contempt, and left me to my own painful reflections, which were conſiderably embittered by learning from my generous brother—whoſe unremitting tenderneſs in a meaſure compenſated for my father's rigid ſeverity—that you were obliged to ſeek refuge out of the kingdom, on danger of loſing your life: at firſt I thought my ſenſes would have once more taken flight; indeed I almoſt wiſhed them never to return again; and but for this beſt of brothers, I certainly had wildly purſued you, although perfectly ignorant whither your ſteps were directed.—For ſeveral days I was unable to ſupport the preſence of any one, ſave my brother, whom I ſcarce permitted to quit me an inſtant; and by whoſe good reaſoning, with the aid of a little falſity and much hope, I began tobe more reconciled to my ſituation; particularly as my father's wonted kindneſs ſeem-

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ed to redawn. Buoyed up by this flattering proſpect, I have endeavoured to reaſſume a degree of chearfulneſs that is neverthelefs foreign to my heart, which inceſſantly mourns my love's abſence.'—I believe, Madam," ſaid Charles, " theſe are nearly the words in which poor de Belville related this interview.

" When ſhe had ceaſed to ſpeak, continued my friend, I earneſtly preſſed her to accompany my flight, and had juſt obtained her promiſe to do ſo, when her father entered.—On ſeeing a livery ſervant, under which diſguiſe I had introduced myſelf, he enquired who I was, and from whence I came?—queſtions that would have much diſconcerted me to ſolve, had not Julienne's preſence of mind diſembarraſſed me, and with an aſſumed *nonchalance* replied (at the ſame time drawing her father's attention to the other ſide of the room), I had brought a note from a female friend of her's, and deſired me, with indifference, to retire, as an anſwer was unneceſſary.—The old gen-

tleman credited the impoſition, without ſeeming to doubt its veracity; and I haſtily obeyed my orders.

" I paſſed the remainder of the next day undergoing the moſt intolerable ſuſpence—hoping every footſtep that croſſed my door, at a little public-houſe, was Julienne's; and compelled to keep within the houſe leſt I might be diſcovered. In this dreadful ſituation I ſat down to write her a letter, and riſk it getting ſafe, when a knock at my chamber door re-animated all my ſpirits, confident of its being my wife.—But in her ſtead, to my ſorrow, it was her brother, who wiſhed to diſſuade me from my intended purpoſe of taking my wife with me; judging it to be at that period the moſt dangerous enterpriſe I could adopt for our mutual ſafety; as he had the beſt reaſon to believe a very ſhort time would be productive of a reconciliation on all ſides; alleging many other cauſes againſt his ſiſter's acceding to this ſtep; among the moſt prominent, the viſible return of his father's affection towards

his

his daughter. To enforce theſe arguments, he moſt faithfully promiſed, ſhould neceſſity urge him to the extremity, that he would himſelf ſecret my wife, ſooner than behold her much longer tormented. Under this conviction, after having written to my wife and mother through his conveyance, and committed all my happineſs to her maternal boſom, with a heavy heart I once again, like an outlawed vagabond, ſtole from my hidden den.

" My foreboding heart did not miſgive me in vain; for a few ſucceeding days appriſed me, that my own father had fallen a victim to the guillotine; and that my wife and mother had fled together to the ſouth of France!—There I joined them, and there I remained a twelvemonth (though in hourly apprehenſion of being purſued), comparatively happy.

" On the death of my ſovereign, honour and revenge called forth my indignation:—I conſidered it an indiſpenſable duty to join the banners of the emigrant army.

Under this perſuaſion I went; where we experienced a continual routine of unavailing fatigue and miſery, beyond the power of deſcription, but which is univerſally known; meanwhile my mother and wife retired to Toulon, where ſome of my relations reſided, and which then belonged to England.

" But on the French retaking that place, you may recollect they carried rapine and devaſtation before them; committing the moſt execrable depredation of carnage and horror, and condemned every emigrant in the place to death—among whom—' Oh! how ſhall I name it, Charles,' ſaid de Belville, ' how ſhall I tell you, that with hundreds, periſhed my poor good mother, my wife, and child!—No—I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the deſpair that took poſſeſſion of my ſoul on the occaſion—it thirſted for revenge; and, but for the friendly interference of one of my fellow officers, I would have ruſhed fearleſs on to Paris, and encountered certain death to ſatiate

tiate my rancour on old de Courcy, ſource of all my miſery. I was not however ungratified; for the avengeful hand of the Almighty inflicted the juſt puniſhment his crimes deſerved, and bent him down to the ſame axe to which he unjuſtly bowed my good old father.'—Here finiſhes," rejoined Charles Sinclair, "all I know of de Belville's fortune. It is ſix months ſince I firſt became acquainted with him: it hurts me to ſee grief creep deeper in his heart every day, and I fear will in the end wear him to the grave.—The only converſation he reliſhes, is the melancholy pleaſure of enumerating his wife's amiable qualities, who, according to his teſtimonies, muſt have been extremely beautiful, both in mind and perſon."

"Unhappy young man!" replied Lady Beaufort, "ſincerely do I ſympathiſe with his diſtreſs, and truly am I indebted to you for this affecting narration:—make my warmeſt friendſhip, I intreat you, acceptable to him."

A commiſſion Charles acceded to with no leſs pleaſure than it was received by de Belville, who, ſince he had impoſed on himſelf the care of young Sinclair's education, ſolely to diveſt his thoughts from the painful retroſpection of paſt ſcenes, too frequently experienced the wide difference of proſperity and adverſity.

De Belville's ſpirits were unable to extort attention by flattering others, while his heart remained dead to "ev'ry charm in life;" and therefore, however pleaſing his manners and perſon might be, he felt no inclination to attract attention by the painful taſk of diſſimulating the anguiſh of his mind, which rendered him more an object of pity than admiration:—the firſt he diſregarded, and the latter he did not wiſh.

Lady Sinclair's diſpoſition differing in all inſtances with his own, ſhe regarded every one beneath common civility, whoſe rank or ſituation in life did not equal that ſhe moved

moved in; unleſs they had penetration enough to ingratiate themſelves by flattery in her ladyſhip's favour. As de Belville's misfortune's bereft him of the former, his pride and indifference prevented his obtaining the latter, which otherwiſe, with his alluring perſon and deportment, would have been an eaſy taſk, and not unwiſhed for by her ladyſhip.

In conſequence, de Belville's entrance in the Sinclair's family bore a more favourable aſpect than he found it on trial; having ſometimes received ſuch behaviour from her ladyſhip, as rendered his ſituation highly unpleaſant, and ſuch as his noble ſpirit would ill have brooked, had it not been for the ſtrong eſteem that ſoon bound him to his pupil, whoſe endearing and amiable conduct, in a meaſure, counterbalanced Lady Sinclair's haughty deportment and ill humour.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

"While fierce conflicting winds embroil the ſea,
Mad as the winds, the toſſing ſurges riſe,
Mix with the wheeling clouds, and thunder to the ſkies.
The cordage ſhines with foam, the daſhing brine
Floats on the deck, and all events combine
To ſwell the ſeaman's horror; while each wave
Seems big with death, and ſhews a threat'ning grave."
J. FELLOWS.

MR. and Mrs. Evington, with their party, proceeded ſlowly yet pleaſantly on their route. Landing at Oſtend, they encountered ſome unexpected impediments from the great concourſe of people that were there aſſembled from every part of France, which was in a ſtate of riot and confuſion, and of internal commotions, ariſing from the late revolution, that rendered it a ſcene in many provinces (but more eſpecially in the capital) equally diſtreſſing

treſſing to the feelings as horrible to the ſight; and from which every one whoſe ſentiments, whoſe feelings, and whoſe hearts were ſtill alive to the ſoft emotions of pity and humanity, gladly ſought refuge elſewhere.

Every hotel, they were informed, was already replete with company, and private lodgings were every where occupied. What to do for accommodations became the univerſal inquiry, till Mr. Evans (an old traveller) promiſed to go himſelf in ſearch of apartments, and not return an unpropitious caterer:—a promiſe the whole party, more particularly the ladies, were anxious to hear fulfilled, being much haraſſed and fatigued from the effects of a long and ſick paſſage; ſomewhat aggravated by a very ſimple yet apparently alarming circumſtance, and which occaſioned a general terror throughout the cabin.

The packet-boat was not a large one, and

and there were many paſſengers on board beſides themſelves; numbers more than beds for their accommodation.—Mrs. Munſter, perceiving the dilemma, with a ſweetneſs of temper peculiar to herſelf, inſiſted that ſhe was the beſt and moſt experienced ſailor; therefore would have a mattreſs and blanket ſpread on the cabin floor.—Maria and Matilda ſtrongly contended the point; but found themſelves obliged to yield to her determination, and relentingly occupied two ſmall births or beds above her.—Mrs. Evington, willing to avoid the ſea ſickneſs, remained in her coach on deck, in company with the greater part of the male paſſengers, until the weather and the darkneſs of the night cauſed the latter to ſeek ſhelter below, where they were glad to creep in.—Oſmond, finding every place filled, got into the bread locker, a few loaves formed his pillow, and an old ſail compoſed his bed and covering.

Mr. Evans ſat miſerably ſick in an arm-

chair,

chair, ſurrounded by ſeveral other gentlemen, who were devouring a hearty meal of cold victuals—and liquors of all ſorts.

" Sir," cried one of them, " ſuffer me to prevail on you to eat ſomething,"—the victuals all the while in his hand, his mouth full, and Mr. Evans ſuffering the full effects of his ſickneſs,—but which not in the leaſt ſickened his companion, who continued his ſupper and perſuaſions for Mr. Evans to join him with all poſſible indifference, to what paſſed beſide him.—" Sir," again rejoined the ſame perſon, " ſince you will not eat, take a glaſs of brandy and water with me—'pon my ſoul, it will brace your ſtomach and cure your ſickneſs—come, come, my hearty—do as I do—eat and drink—and you'll ſoon be better—and ſo here's to you!"—taking a glaſs of the ſame mixture, while Mr. Evans, in the intervals of his rechings, earneſtly declined his ſolicitations, proteſting the ſmell was ſufficient to nauſeate his ſtomach.—And

now

now entered the captain, rubbing his hands, " Well, gentlemen! how fares it with you? —here's a bluſtering night ſure enough, forces us to put to ſea again."—" To ſea again!" cried Matilda, juſt peeping over her little bed—" Oh! my God! what is to become of us? I'm ſure I ſhall die!"

" Die!" re-echoed the captain, laughing, " no, that you ſhan't, my word for it; no one dies in my veſſel; we're ſafe enough —pluck up courage, my fair ladies— there's ſome in the next cabin worſe then you are yet, or this poor lady on the ground"—for ſtout as Mrs. Munſter believed herſelf, ſhe found the rocking of a ſmall packet boat, and the roll of a large Eaſt Indiaman were not very diſſimilar, ſo that inſtead of bearing it unmoleſted, ſhe was nearly the moſt indiſpoſed of the ſet.— " I'faith," reſumed the captain, " ſhe's a deviliſh tight veſſel, and I'll be bound to ſay, would weather the worſt ſtorm that ever blew from the heavens, as long as one ten times her burthen; to be ſure we bid

fair

fair to prove her ſtrength, if the wind don't ſhift about ſoon."

"Why, dam'me, captain, that's comfort now!"—ſaid a young man, who thought more of the bottle than any thing elſe, who could not perhaps write or even ſpell bottle, but who, wearing a red coat, a cockade, and a ſword, and whoſe miſtaken parents, to gain their ſon promotion, had caparisoned him before the boy knew how to unſcabbard the weapon that unmeaningly dangled by his ſide; and who, forgetting he ought to have been at ſchool, aſſumed the impertinent conſequence of an old veteran, with the airs of a coxcomb—"Well, let's drink to a good landing, go where we may," continued the young ſtrippling, "and if we ſhould go to *Davy Jones's locker*, its better in my opinion to go in company than alone; ſo here's to the ladies' better health."

"Keep the main halliards cloſe down above ſtairs," cried the captain; "and come

you

you here, boy,—put up the dead lights in the fore cabin."

At the word dead lights, Oſmond, apprehenſive all was over, called out vociferouſly to be let out of his box; but he could neither diſengage himſelf, nor ſignify whether he had crept, being unacquainted with the technical names uſed on board.—"Coming, Sir," anſwered the captain, "where are you?"—Here," cried Oſmond, "ſhut up in a box, and the devil I believe can't get me out."—"Where!" continued the captain, "I hear you, but can neither ſee nor find you,—keep the hatchways down"—ſaying which, the captain found it neceſſary to be on deck, as the wind conſiderably increaſed, "and lower all the ſails;" in conſequence, poor Oſmond was left to bewail his ſituation, under the apprehenſion of being actually in imminent danger.

Scarcely ten minutes had elapſed in quiet, when an unanimous ſcream in the large

large cabin called the captain down below, where the utmoſt conſternation reigned, and not without ſome cauſe of alarm—The waves running very high, the veſſel had ſhipped a ſea in at her ſtern window, from which the cabin was then filled with water;—coming with great force in at the window, it had neatly paſſed over Mrs. Munſter without wetting her in the leaſt.

"Confound you, Jack!" cried the captain, angrily—"Dam'me, you blockhead, this is all your fault for not heaving up the dead lights.—Bring the pail!—here, ſwab this water up—where's the mop?"—accompanying each ejaculation by as many oaths:—proviſions of all ſorts, hats, blankets, knives, forks, parcels, bottles, and glaſſes, were floating on the ground; Mrs Munſter ſtanding aghaſt, in the middle of it all.—Over each of the little beds hung a death-like pale countenance, the pictures of horror and deſpair, every one believing the ſhip under water. From between the

two

two cabins out rolled Oſmond with a barrel of peas, which his kicking had broached, ſeveral loaves of bread, and a bag of flour, with which contents he was entirely covered: " Thank God!" cried Oſmond, with a deep ſigh, " here I am at laſt!"

The ridiculous appearance he made in the midſt of the peas and loaves, his dark coat covered with flour, notwithſtanding the fright in the adjoining cabin, cauſed a loud burſt of laughter from the ſeamen and captain, who were conſcious of there being no real danger; and of this, ſhortly re-aſſured their affrighted paſſengers, who could not refuſe to join the laugh when Oſmond entered in his nightcap, no ſhoes, his ſtockings down, and a white coat.—Regardleſs, however, of his own condition, that of Matilda's intereſted him much, as ſince the late alarm, and worn out by exceſſive ſickneſs, ſhe lay ſenſeleſs.

Mr. Evington, happy man! on his firſt

deſcent

deſcent into the cabin, had judiciouſly followed the ſteward's advice, wrapped himſelf in the good man's weather-coat, and was ſoon loſt in the faſt embraces of Morpheus; not forgetting to couch himſelf on his left ſide, according to the ſteward's friendly admonitions, who believed this ſimple remedy the moſt efficacious preventative to ſea ſickneſs.—Having ſtrictly adhered to the precept, and regularly rocked by the heavings of the Princeſs Royal, the drowſy god claſped a ſtrong hold on Mr. Evington's faculties; nor did he awake from this enviable trance until the repeated call of "heave up the dead lights" vibrated on his ear, and rouſed his lethargic ſenſes: darting from his bed, he rolled towards the cabin, trembling as he went, under the moſt terrible alarm; which, however, ere he joined his beloved family, the ſteward diſpelled, by relating in a few words what had paſſed.

On his entrance, the firſt perſon that attracted

tracted his notice was Oſmond, whoſe harlequin dreſs cut ſo conſpicuous a figure—"Who are you?" exclaimed Mr. Evington—"What, Oſmond? Hah! ha! ha! Egad, my boy, I took you for the attorney in "No Song no Supper."

"Indeed, Sir," rejoined Oſmond, "I am not ſo well off I promiſe you, and moſt heartily do I wiſh myſelf as ſafely out of this hole, as *Mr. Endleſs* out of his flour bag."

Maria and Matilda, by this time, with Oſmond's kind aſſiſtance, were conſiderably recovered from their fright, and began to be uneaſy for their mother, leſt the night air ſhould prove detrimental to her health; they would chearfully, ill as they were, have reſigned their beds for her accommodation.

They had ſcarce finiſhed the words, when ſomething fell down the cabin ſtairs, which, to Mr. Evington's conſternation, proved

to

to be nothing more or leſs than his wife, who having perſiſted to remain on deck, in order to avoid the prevailing illneſs,—which, by the bye, ſhe did not,—became at laſt ſo benumbed with the coldneſs of the evening, and weak by the exertions ſhe had undergone, that unable to bear it any longer, ſhe imprudently determined to deſcend the little narrow ſtaircaſe alone; being unwilling to call off the men from their occupations,—failing in the attempt, ſhe fell from the top, luckily unhurt, owing to a poor ſoldier's lying proſtrate near the bottom of the ſtairs, whither unnoticed he had crept for air. From his aſpect one would have ſuppoſed every moment would be his laſt.—On receiving the unexpected burthen, he groaned out a dreadful, "Oh! Chriſt God, I'm killed;" an exclamation that again alarmed the inhabitants of both cabins:—Maria heard Mr. Evington call out her mother's name immediately after the ſoldier's ejaculation; in conſequence, apprehenſive ſome accident had befallen

this tender parent, ſhe precipitately leapt from her high birth, to confirm or eraſe this painful ſuppoſition.

Though Maria doated on her parents, ſhe denied not her feeble ſuccour to a poor ſtranger; what then would ſhe not do for thoſe ſhe loved?—her life was at their command, and devoted to them.—Her ſtrength returned as her fears ſubſided; and after fully ſatisfying Matilda on the ſubject, ſhe went herſelf to the poor object, who muſt have ſeverely ſuffered from the ſhock, while Oſmond and his father placed Mrs. Evington in an arm-chair, and chafed her hands and feet.—Vainly did the affectionate Maria entreat her mother to accept the bed ſhe had juſt quitted, "No," ſhe replied, "my dear girl, your mother would be very uncomfortable any where, unleſs ſhe knew her child enjoyed the ſame comfort as herſelf—then do not aſk me, my love, to do what is repugnant to my feelings."

Maria finding her mother reſolute, deſiſted with regret; at the ſame time declaring, ſhe would not re-occupy a bed where ſhe had ſuffered ſo much; and taking her brother's arm, requeſted he would lead her to the poor groaning ſufferer.

" Friend," ſaid Maria, with inexpreſſible humanity and ſoftneſs, " would you not prefer to lie on a bed inſtead of expoſing yourſelf in this paſſage, where you are in momentary danger of receiving freſh injury?"

" A bed!" re-echoed the diſconſolate wretch, " a bed for poor Patrick! you joke, good lady, theſe limbs have not"—

He gaſped for breath, and ſhook his head; " Come, friend," cried Oſmond, fetching him a glaſs of wine, " drink this; it will revive your diſpirited ſoul; a ſoldier never yet knew deſpair but by name."

" Heaven bleſs your honour," rejoined Patrick, " you are right, Sir; to deſpair is unworthy a ſoldier, and I ſhould be ſorry

to diſgrace my coat.—No, no; Patrick, though ſurrounded by cannon balls, though weltering in blood, though in fumes of ſmoke, never yet knew fear—no, no, Sir; when left on the field for dead, exhauſted by unnumbered wounds, which theſe ſcars" —pointing to his face and ſide—" may prove his heart never yet failed him—But there is that which unmans even the hardieſt. Ah! Sir, when I think of my wife, whom I am now in ſearch of, my heart ſcorns the leſſon of reproof, and ſinks within me!"

Mr. Evington now joining them, reconducted his daughter into the cabin; and then, with his ſon's aſſiſtance, benevolently dreſſed the poor ſoldier's wound, whoſe unbounded gratitude for this eſſential ſervice, he endeavoured to expreſs in language not uſually found among common ſoldiers, which Mr. Evington could not avoid noticing; nor did his gait leſs accord with his addreſs:—" Friend," ſaid Mr. Evington, " I do

"I do not think you were born for a private, your language beſpeaks you of better parentage."

"You are not miſtaken," returned Patrick; "Fortune ſmiled upon my birth, but Fate and ſhe ſoon diſagreed, and left me to the adverſe care of the latter, almoſt from the moment I opened my eyes."

As he concluded his ſpeech, the joyful tidings was announced that the veſſel was come to anchor, and the captain prepared his boat to land, it being already late in the evening.—Notwithſtanding the anxiety of all parties to touch the wiſhed-for ſhore again, Mr. Evington deemed it moſt prudent for the ladies to remain on board until they were certain of obtaining apartments, particularly as the captain had already intimated his doubts they would not; aware of the number of emigrants which at that time filled every neutral town.

To this propoſal the ladies were under

the neceſſity of conſenting, and impatiently waited his return—the reſult we have before ſpecified, when Mr. Evans, flattering himſelf he ſhould prove more fortunate, ſallied forth. The diſtant ſound of the daſhing of the oars, now again awakened all their attention, each eager to learn the termination of their hopes and fears; an attentive ſilence reigned, now and then broken by an ejaculation filled with doubts:—at length the oars were reſted, and the boat along-ſide, when they all ſurrounded the unpropitious caterer, aſking and anſwering their own queſtions, before they gave time for him to ſatisfy their demands.

No more the ſmile illumined their bright countenances, no more ſweet hope buoyed up their diſpirited hearts; for they were now informed, that the hotels were ſo crowded that ſeveral people were obliged to ſleep in their own carriages:—it was nine o'clock, with every proſpect of an unpleaſant rainy night. The captain perſuaded

ſuaded them to make themſelves as comfortable as poſſible in his cabin,—" and though a night's reſt be the forfeiture," continued he, " it is better than cruiſing about the ſtreets in queſt of a birth; and after all is ſaid and done, mayhap you may not fall in with a prize—no pilot, and no mark to ſteer to, is a bad courſe to go by."

" What is to be done?" cried the ladies and gentlemen, " we muſt all ſtarve before morning; for we are ſo thoroughly purified with this plaguy ſea-voyage, no wonder indeed we are hungry."

" No, no, you ſhall not ſtarve in my veſſel neither; though I may not find enough beds for you all, you ſhall not want for food: ſo I will ſend my boat off for proviſions."

" That is unneceſſary," replied Mr. Evans, " for however unſucceſsful I proved in my firſt miſſion, I have brought an ample ſupply of all ſorts of viands and refreſhments, to atone in ſome meaſure for the inability of performing my promiſes."

Accordingly the proviſions were produced, to the great ſatisfaction of all parties; who, as ſoon as the cloth was laid, devoured them with a ravenous appetite. —Patrick would have reſpectfully withdrawn, but the party unanimouſly inſiſted he ſhould partake of their meal, Mrs. Evington declaring ſhe felt herſelf anſwerable for his life. The reſtorative hand of humanity had worked miracles in his favour; his wound was perfectly eaſy, and his ſtrength and ſpirits renovated. How changed was the ſcene! this cabin, a few hours ſince the picture of wretchedneſs and miſery, of groans and lamentations, was now reverſed to a comfortable ſupper-room, a table ſpread with every delicacy—chearful faces around it, with good appetites; while laughter and harmony ſupplanted the piteous moan of complaint and deſpair. Patrick had largely partaken of their bounty, and felt in his turn, a ſtrong impulſe to beguile the hours they had yet to remain in this floating manſion together;—"If not appearing

pearing impertinent, ladies and gentlemen, and I thought it worth your attention" ſaid Patrick, "I will relate my own hiſtory, which perhaps, from my involvments and diſtreſs, may not prove wholly unintereſting."

"On the contrary," ſaid Mr. Evington, "I confeſs I am anxious to learn your particulars, eſpecially from a few words you dropped juſt before we anchored;—nevertheleſs I muſt inſiſt that ſhould the recital prove too much for your ſtrength, you will not hurt yourſelf to oblige us."

The reſt of the party warmly joined this ſolicitation, and expreſſed themſelves highly pleaſed with the propoſition.

A deep ſigh, on recollecting what he had to relate, eſcaped poor Patrick's boſom—"Alas! my kind benefactors," ſaid he, "I doubt I muſt retract my words—my ſtory is a melancholy one—and will per-

chance more distress than gratify your condescension; for in pourtraying my father's true character, it is likely I may incur the disapprobation of my kind hearers."

This prelude was more than sufficient to excite their curiosity; and after re-assuring him of their mutual wish to hear his narrative, Patrick proceeded according to the contents of the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VII.

"The broken ſoldier, kindly bad to ſtay,
Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won;
Pleas'd with his gueſt, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave e'er charity began."

GOLDSMITH.

"HOWEVER poor, however menial may ſeem my appearance, I was born in affluence, rear'd in ſorrow, and, alas! I am withering in deſpair. My father, an opulent merchant in Ireland, married at an early age one of the beſt of women; I am the ſecond ſon, and to my ſorrow, I loſt my mother ſhortly after my birth,—in the flower of her life, beloved and lamented by all who

knew her.—I was too young to feel her loſs, but have, if poſſible, regretted it more bitterly ever ſince, from continually hearing her praiſes: perhaps this circumſtance made me feel more ſeverely my father's cruel treatment, whoſe inordinate paſſions were a continual ſource of diſquietude to all around him.

" My elder brother inclined to his way of living, and gained ſuch influence over him, that he ruled the family, beſides ſquandering at pleaſure my father's fortune. It was my ill luck to be deſpiſed by them both—my puerile amuſements were conſtantly ridiculed—my juvenile ſtudies were rendered irkſome to me—and whatever I ſaid or did was diſapproved. My brother, a baneful thorn in my ſide, and four years older then myſelf, took an undisguiſed pleaſure in ſeeing me puniſhed and unhappy. My moſt trivial errors he reported to my father in a manner to render them almoſt criminal; and I might as well have drowned the roar of a cannonade in the day of battle,

battle, as attempt to vindicate myſelf; for my brother's aſſertion was ſufficient to bear, in my father's eſtimation, an inconteſtable varacity.

As I frequently was heard to lament my mother's untimely loſs; with a view to hurt my feelings, they upbraided me with her diſſolution by the moſt ill-tempered aſperity:—ſuch treatment made me wretched, my home became diſguſtful before I was at an age to ſeek an happier aſylum. Provoked, and down-hearted, I ventured to entreat my father to put me to ſchool, which, to my unſpeakable joy, he readily aſſented to. As I had hitherto only been to a common day-ſchool, I was backward in my education.—During my ſtay at this laſt ſchool, I applied with unremitting ardour to regain my loſt time, and not altogether ſucceſsleſs.—But though unmoleſted by a father's and a brother's auſterities, I was ſubjected to every diſgrace that could ariſe in being barely kept above want, as I was allowed no pocket money, and

ſcarcely

ſcarcely clothes enough to keep me clean. However this rigid behaviour, when I recalled to mind my father's elegant ſtyle of living, ſtung me to the ſoul; I ſoon by diligence and application gained the good-will of my tutors and ſchoolfellows, which compenſated for my ſhabby appearance.—

" From this comparatively happy ſtate, after four years had paſſed away in ſtudy, I was recalled home.—Having made a rapid progreſs in my learning, and received great encomiums from the head maſter on my good behaviour, with a very handſome letter to my father, ſignifying the ſame, I flattered myſelf I ſhould receive, if not his affection, at leaſt ſome teſtimony of his pleaſure for having thus benefited of my time.—Judge then my diſappointment on meeting him, and hearing nearly the following words, which are ſtill freſh in my memory:—it was late in the evening when I arrived; he and my brother were at cards. —I entered the room with awe, yet with a certain conſciouſneſs that ſomewhat emboldened

boldened me; neither my father or brother roſe to receive me, being engaged at piquet; I concluded their game poſſibly was of a nature more intereſting than my return, and quickened my pace to embrace my father, who repulſed me, ſaying, 'Do not interrupt me, ſir; ſee you not I am occupied? Surely before you went to ſchool I had taught you on your peril to addreſs me when any way engaged—is this all the manners you have learnt?—I bowed and begged pardon. As ſoon as the game finiſhed, my father ſurveyed me with a ſcrutinous eye, and reſumed—'Well, Patrick, you are grown prodigiouſly, as big as a giant,—give me your hand'—then reading the letter I gave him, 'I am glad to hear ſo favourable an account of you:—I always thought there was much ſober ſenſe about you; and in conſequence of your diligence I ſhall make you a preſent of ten guineas, and allow you to remain a fortnight or three weeks in my houſe, at the expiration of which I ſhall put you clerk to Mr. Scrivener, a man of reſpectability:—my fortune is too

ſmall

ſmall for you to expect any part at my death, therefore I adviſe you to apply zealouſly to make up the deficiency.'

" Thunder-ſtruck, I knew no words adequate to expreſs my ſurpriſe, and only bowed an aſſent, while my heart almoſt burſt within me on perceiving I was doomed to paternal hatred. Unwilling, however, to cauſe words by requeſting a further explanation on this extraordinary conduct, I pleaded fatigue and retired.—Good God, thought I, my own father *allow* me to remain a fortnight in his houſe,—*allow* his own ſon to live with him, in the midſt of ſplendour and opulence—unhappy youth, what have I done to become loathſome to a father's ſight, to whom I have ever behaved with a duteous reſpect, and would have ſacrificed my own life towards his comfort?—for notwithſtanding his ſeverity I ever loved my father tenderly; I plainly perceived that his ill-humour aroſe entirely through my brother's vile machinatious, and that in his abſence

abſence I was always treated with more lenity.—I paſſed a ſleepleſs night in meditating what I ſhould ſay to my father the next day; and reſolved to avail myſelf of the firſt opportunity of his being alone, to awaken if poſſible his parental affection. It was very ſeldom my artful brother quitted his ſide, but in the morning I found means to execute my deſign, and accordingly threw myſelf at his feet, urging him to acquaint me whether I had—unknowingly and unwillingly it muſt have been—offended him? wherefore I merited his coolneſs, and his apparent averſion? — At firſt my ſupplicating poſture and energy of expreſſion moved his compaſſion.—'Riſe, Patrick,' ſaid he, 'I am confident of your affection, and if mine is'—My brother entering at the moment prevented his finiſhing the ſentence. My father rather kindly repeated my words to my brother, who burſt out in a loud ſatirical laugh, and exclaimed ironically, 'Merited his coolneſs! ha! ha! ha! the boy is mad; is it coolneſs, forſooth, to put you to

ſchool

ſchool at an enormous expence for this half dozen years? A great mark of diſlike to be ſure to laviſh ten guineas on a boy who will only ſpend it in alicampane, gingerbread nuts, tops, and toys. Ingrate! father, you aſtoniſh me in condeſcending to liſten to his infantine prattle. Sir, you forget your authority.' This ſatirical language rouzed my father's ſpirit, and chaſed away every ſpark of new-born tenderneſs in his boſom; anger and affection for a moment contended, the firſt prevailed; and he commanded me to withdraw until I felt the force of the obligations I was under.

"At the time appointed I was deſired to have my box ready, to depart with myſelf the enſuing morning; an order I rejoiced to fulfil, though it bade me for ever quit a home and relatives that ought to have been dear to me.—I ſaw, with ſorrow, the diſorderly manner of life my father and brother had adopted.—A vile proſtitute enjoyed all the privileges and authority of my poor departed mother:—the ſlow progreſs

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of my father's buſineſs, which reſted entirely with the clerks to tranſact, made me tremble leſt in reality my father's indolent proceedings would ſhortly not only bereave me of my patrimony, but himſelf of ſuſtenance—a ſuppoſition which the following converſation, that I overheard betwixt my father, brother, and their female companion, cruelly juſtified.

" ' That jackanapes Patrick, is a keen fellow,' ſaid my father; ' and I perceive would be prying into our affairs very unwelcomely.'—' Indeed,' rejoined my brother, ' the ſooner that boy departs the better; for I am certain there is no good at bottom in theſe ſtill waters: he is more fit for an orthodox preacher than any thing elſe: he would always be jabbering about morality, and ſome ſuch nonſenſe, if one would be bothered with his harangues—ſaucy coxcomb! I do not know why the devil I ſhould mind him; for if he does not leave this houſe I ſhall—and then, ſir, you muſt take the conſequences."

" ' Lawks!'

" ' Lawks!' cried the deteſted woman, in an arm-chair at the head of the table—' I think it is a pity ſuch a beautiful lad ſhould lead the ſtupid life he does: ſurely, Mr. O'Conner, he is the picture of what you were at his age. I never ſaw ſuch a bewitching countenance, ſuch neat turned limbs; an't they, deary?'

" ' Talk not to me about him,' replied my father, peeviſhly; ' I am almoſt frantic with the account my head clerk has given me of my affairs: he tells me my credit fails, and my creditors are clamorous—perdition!—what is to be done?'

" ' Leave that to me,' rejoined my brother, ' the old uſurer ſuſpects nothing of the matter. He will credit me on good intereſt for thouſands, while my eſtate is in ſight. I made a confounded fool of him laſt night, ſo never fear.—He is rich, and bad enough, if we cannot repay him—which i'fegs I do not ſee how we can—why, it an't much out of his coffers; beſides, the miſerly thief deſerves a puniſhment for a piece

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of damn'd ill humour he perpetrated the other day.—You know widow Shaftſbury, to whom he lent a paltry hundred pounds or ſo, about ten or a dozen years back, when poor Shaftſbury was living, on condition of being repaid from her dividends, —which, the Lord knows why, were ſtopt at that time—when they were diſentangled: you may recollect he promiſed to carry the buſineſs through—well, but you know the whole circumſtances, for I have heard you mention it a thouſand times, how it was driven off from year to year; and how glad you were to hear it was drawing at laſt to a concluſion, though with the loſs of all the intereſt—He knows that, a ſavage; yet notwithſtanding her preſent diſtreſs, what muſt he do, but terrify poor Mrs. Shaftſbury with threats and menaces!—And ſhe has eight children to ſupport out of this petty two hundred, or ſome ſuch thing, a year—and he inſiſted, on pain of recommencing another ſuit in equity. Equity forſooth!—to be repaid what remained ſtill due

due in this myſterious buſineſs over and above what the intereſt did not defray. So poor thing ſhe has been compelled to promiſe it in two payments.—Mind me, I do not blame him for getting his due, but I abominate his miſerly, his flinty heart, to extort it from her in her preſent ſituation; for a juſter creature never lived, and I am ſure ſhe would not wilfully wrong any human being of a farthing. Poor thing! many is the guinea I have lent her, though ſhe was too proud to accept it. So I am of opinion one good turn deſerves another, then drink to the widow's revenge!'

" 'Well done, my brave boy, you rejoice my heart,' ſaid my father, 'here's to thee! —Come, Betſy, fill another bumper—get it—get it—mind that young ſly boots is gone before we proceed to-morrow further in this buſineſs—ſucceſs attend us—come, my bonny Bet, do not look mumpiſh, my little laſſy.'

" 'No,' ſaid the viper, 'that's what I don't: I am never mumpiſh, as you call it, but

but you know my jewels and apparel are my own, and if this buſineſs does not turn out as you ſuſpect, why then I muſt beg'—

" ' You muſt beg? zounds, what, madam?' vociferated my father in a rage.

" ' Beg to decline any further connection here,' ſaid the artful wretch; ' indeed had I not loved you ſo much, I might long ſince have bettered myſelf—ſo that's all.'

" ' Is that all?' continued my father, in a paſſion—' It ſhall indeed be all, madam—So get you out of my houſe, and on your peril let me ſee you again, wretch of a woman!'

" ' That's as I pleaſe, ſir,' replied this Betſy—' that's as I pleaſe!' retorted the viper; ' indeed I ſhall not leave the houſe before you have begged my pardon, ſir, for uſing me ſo ill; or I will go and report your horrid actions all over the town: I will inform the poor deluded uſurer, as you call him, how he is miſled—that's what I will —ſhame upon you!'

" Curioſity, ſince words ran ſo high, prompted

prompted me to gently open their door, and I could plainly from the adjoining room perceive all that paſſed, unnoticed by the parties, who were too much agitated with their diſpute to attend to any thing elſe.

" I perceived my father's countenance flushed with indignation and anger; as ſhe pronounced the laſt words he roſe from his chair, beat his forehead, and ſwearing, told her he merited it all; bade her pour forth her venom, ſaying, he had brought it on himſelf, and deſerved to bear the ſting.— Then turning towards the window, his eye-brows knit, leaning his head upon his clenched fiſt, ſtood meditating ſome time. My brother ſat before the fire, oppoſite Betſy Meandring, for that was her real name, although ſhe aſſumed the name of O'Connor, ſometimes looking at my father, then at her, who ſeemed rather to enjoy their conſternation. Neither of them ventured to give utterance to their feelings, until Betſy broke the ſullen ſilence that reigned

reigned for a few minutes,—'Fine time a day I have lived to at laſt!' ſaid ſhe, 'to be turned out of doors like a common ſervant, after having condeſcended to live with you.—Do not think I will put up with huffs and cuffs, and your ill temper, as your poor tied-down pitiful wives are forced to do—not I indeed!'

"My father winked to my brother, I ſuppoſe to pacify the angered ſerpent; for he pleaded how diſtreſſed his affairs had made him; how ill-timed ſhe hinted a wiſh to leave him, which was an evil of itſelf—adding a doſe of ſpecious flattery—with which I will not tire your indulgent ear. However, he ſucceeded ſo well, that ſhe was appeaſed, and with crocodile tears ſoon pretended to repent of what had happened.

"Meanwhile my father affected to be abſorbed in grief, until, finding her relent, he exclaimed, 'Oh! my charming Betſy! can you forgive me? I aſk your pardon—my ſenſes were fled; but with their return

I ſee the force of my folly; I ſee that I was ſpurning my life and happineſs from me. —No, ſweet woman! while I have a ſhilling it is at your command.'

" Pleaſed with theſe flattering proteſtations, which gratified her vanity, a reconciliation became no longer difficult. My father, however, had the precaution to bind in a ſolemn promiſe his fair threatener, to divulge nothing that had paſſed between them, on forfeiture of loſing all ſhe then poſſeſſed from him, or might get. To this propoſal ſhe reluctantly and only conſented, with the proviſo, that he would immediately purchaſe for her a brilliant bandeau, ſet in the ſame manner as Lady Sunderland's.

" My father, eager to adjuſt their diſpute almoſt on any terms, well aware, if the ſmalleſt part of their converſation tranſpired how detrimental it would be to his character, complied with her requeſt, and at the ſame moment empowered her under his hand-writing to order this ſaid bandeau,

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in every reſpect as handſome as its model; which, to his unavailing ſorrow, he afterwards found amounted to fifteen hundred pounds; yet the promiſe being given, too much depended on its ratification to recede.

" Merciful heaven! thought I, ſhall ſuch wickedneſs, ſhall vice in its darkeſt colours, thus triumph over every virtuous feeling of the heart? Shall it go unpuniſhed? Juſtice and honeſty forbid it! Unhappy father!—wretched brother!—deluded money-lender!—I bewail your ſeparate fates! I mourn for my father's crimes! I am miſerable to behold my brother plunged in the gulph of deſtruction! Horror of horrors! to ſee my own parent plundering the helpleſs, defrauding the credulous, encouraging the guilty, and ſpurning the innocent—I ſhuddered at this complication of vicioufneſs. I trembled for the future:—deſpair ſeemed to have taken root in my ſoul, and I could not help caſting a reproachful invective againſt the author of

my woe;—at the ſame moment my poor departed mother's exalted virtues croſſed my memory, as if to ſtrike me with the livelieſt contraſt of virtue and vice. I remember ejaculating with emphaſis, 'Oh! my beloved mother! dear ſaint above! how can thy heavenly ſpirit look down and view the unwarrantable conduct of thy miſguided ſpouſe; ſee the guilty wretch he cheriſhes, aſſume thy rights; ſee thy firſt-born eſtranged from honour, and every ſentiment of rectitude, and in pity, drop one tear on their devoted heads; let it deſcend into their criminal hearts; and, oh! my beloved mother, let it waſh away their guilt!'

"After this diſtreſſing ſcene ended, I retired to my bed-room unnoticed by any one; there I ſat for ſome time, conſidering whether I ſhould not endeavour to argue with my father, and poſſibly lead him to ſee his errors; then recollecting, that I muſt contend with two adverſaries, both incenſed againſt me, it appeared a vain attempt: notwith-

notwithſtanding theſe obſtacles, my inclination prompted me ſtrongly to riſque his diſpleaſure. The next morning the ſervants informed me the carriage waited to convey me on my journey to Mr. Scrivener's. This ſummons effectually prevented my executing my wiſh; therefore no alternative remained than to obey. As none of the family were ſtirring, I left my paternal roof for ever without a ſingle regret from maſter or man; for, as uſually is the caſe in bad management, the ſervants thought themſelves juſtifiable in purſuing their maſter's ſteps of irregularity; in conſequence they felt a great reſtraint in having one in the family to notice, or to controul their licentious behaviour.

" As Mr. Scrivener was perfectly unknown to me, my heart frequently miſgave me during my journey to London, where he lived, leſt I ſhould find another tyrannical maſter. My apprehenſions were, however, inſtantly diſpelled on entering his benevolent manſion. No ſooner was my

name mentioned, than he roſe from his dinner, and met me with the moſt cordial reception, not as a ſtranger, but as a friend; introducing me to Mrs. Scrivener, her eldeſt daughter, about ſeventeen, and a little girl bordering on her fifth year. The repaſt was ſmall, but invitingly clean and neat. Every thing around me ſeemed diametrically reverſed: peace and competency were all the riches this worthy family poſſeſſed, yet in them they found all they could deſire, and enjoyed the ſereneſt happineſs; while I had juſt left wealth, opulence, and ſplendour, bereft of every earthly comfort.

" Two years rolled away as a dream: I thought myſelf in Elyſium when compared to my own home. From this ſtate of uninterrupted bliſs, I was awakened to attend the death-bed of my unfortunate brother, who would fain atone for his unnatural conduct towards me; alleging that my immediate preſence, with my pardon, was the only comfort left him in this world.

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The letter apprized me that the houſe had failed to an enormous amount; that my father had fled; that Betſy Meandring, perceiving the gradual decreaſe in the finances, had amaſſed together all ſhe could lay hold of, and taken flight alſo, though not with my father, after having artfully ſpread abroad all and more than ſhe had promiſed to conceal, owing to which he was then confined in priſon.

" I inſtantly haſtened to fulfil my brother's wiſhes. How inadequate am I to deſcribe the deplorable condition I found him in! His perſon, rather well-looking at other times, now pourtrayed miſery in its moſt deplorable ſhape. On entering his wretched abode, he urged me to avoid his ſight; declaring he could not endure to behold a brother he had ſtudied to wrong in the moſt cruel manner.—His diſhevelled hair, his rolling eyes, his knitted brows, and the diſtortions of his face, at firſt cauſed me to ſtep back with horror:—my blood turned cold:—ſeeing me recede, he cried

out, ‘ Patrick, my injured brother, take now your full revenge—ſtand there and contemplate the tortures of hell which I endure—do not contaminate your words, by letting them fall before ſo vile a wretch as myſelf: why will you approach me? S'death; who would have thought it poſſible I ſhould ever be thus racked by the ſtings and ſcorpions of an awokened conſcience!'

“ My heart bled; I would have taken his hand, but he ſhook his head—threw himſelf on an old chair, and hid his face; ejaculating, ‘ Leave me!—do not touch me! my very breath is venomous!'—His mind ſeemed ſo much agitated, that he panted for reſpiration. I tried every method to aſſuage his grief, for a length of time ineffectually. Nature at laſt gave way; and forced him to yield to her reſiſtleſs commands: a burning fever raged through all his veins, which the ſituation of his mind rendered mortal; as the tortures of his conſcience ſmote him ſo violently, that all the medicines he took were of

no avail. During his illneſs I never quitted his bed-ſide, though I had neither the means nor intereſt enough to procure his liberty. As he lay often in a ſtate of delirium, he would rave and recapitulate his paſt actions, inflicting the moſt execrable invectives againſt my father. Then, when he recovered theſe paroxyſms of madneſs, he would awake, and caſt a look round him, recollect where he was, and fall again in his former ſenſeleſs condition.—My intreaties to have him removed to a better apartment had hitherto been rejected, until I informed the phyſician of the effect this miſerable place had upon his mind; who then kindly interceded for him to have it changed to a better. This removal greatly ſerved to reſtore him to his ſenſes, as I then tried to perſuade him he was freed from confinement; his recovery from the deranged habit of his body was thought very precarious; for about ten days, youth, and a ſtrong conſtitution, contended the point; on the eleventh, his frame ſunk be-

neath the oppreſſion of a debauched life, a lacerated conſcience, and a broken heart, in the ſad receptacle for vice, a miſerable jail. Thus fell a victim to ſin, a fine youth of five-and-twenty, deſpiſed by all who knew him, and regretted by none. I ſhall paſs over my own feelings, which even now, on recalling the painful ſcene to my memory, are diſtreſſing." Here Patrick pauſed, and having taken a glaſs of wine, reſumed his narrative.

CHAPTER VIII.

" My breaſt can better brook this dagger's
Point, than can my ears this piercing
Story. RICHARD III.

" I RETURNED to my patron's friendly board, where I was received with open arms. Marian, his daughter, flew to meet me; her eyes ſparkled with joy: a joy I felt not leſs lively in my own boſom. She was in truth, Sir, all I could fancy angelic, fair, good, and benevolent. Oh! ſhe was!—" The tears drowned his words; and Mr. Evington prevailed on him to take another glaſs of wine with the reſt of the party, who were deeply intereſted in his affecting narrative.

" To ſay I loved her," reſumed Patrick, " is not expreſſing half I felt.—I adored her. The world in her abſence appeared a

wide chaos before me. Yet the numberleſs obligations I was under to her father, and being pennyleſs myſelf, prevented me aſking of him the only bleſſing in life dear to me. Leave him I dared not—for while he ſupported me in his family, it was ſometimes in my power to be uſeful, and I could not expect him to ſupply me with money to live elſewhere:—all theſe circumſtances co-operating one with another, and not being of a very robuſt conſtitution, I fell ill. For ſome time I bore up againſt my diſorder; and notwithſtanding my countenance betrayed my ill health, I firmly denied feeling any pain, till at length my worthy benefactor perceiving a daily alteration in me for the worſe, grew ſo uneaſy, that I was obliged to receive the advice of a doctor, who immediately pronounced me feveriſh, and ſeemed much ſurpriſed I did not complain; attributing my reluctance to allow myſelf ill to a diſtaſte of ſwallowing medicines; in which belief I ſuffered him to remain, unwilling

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that he ſhould learn it was merely from the apprehenſion of incurring an unneceſſary expence as long as I could avoid it. He gently reproved me; and promiſed he would be as ſparing as poſſible. I continued taking his drugs a conſiderable time, while my worthy friends adminiſtered every kind attention in their power, and would often lament I grew no better; but the ſource of my diſorder lay in my heart; therefore until that could be remedied, there was no chance of my recovery: on the contrary, my illneſs rather augmented.—From numberleſs inſtances, I had undubitable proofs of Marian's affection, and that I poſſeſſed her heart.—The phyſician then intimated to Mr. Scrivener, that he thought ſomething preyed upon my ſpirits, which cauſed an intermitting fever to ſettle on my nerves.

" On the ſame evening, with a fatherly tenderneſs, Mr. Scrivener held the following converſation with me, which my grateful heart never can forget:—' Patrick,' ſaid

ſaid the good man, 'your declining health ſeriouſly alarms me; nay, it afflicts us all; for your behaviour has gained our mutual affections:—look to me as your father; indeed, my child, you ſtand third in my eſteem.—Latterly, I obſerve with chagrin, you ſhun my preſence, you anſwer my queſtions equivocally, and you ſeem to fear my very looks. Have I ever been unkind towards you? are you unhappy?'

"'Miſerable! Sir,' I replied; 'Miſerable!' re-echoed Mr. Scrivener, 'you aſtoniſh me! have you committed any error that I am unacquainted with?'

"'Sir, I am guilty of the moſt ungrateful of crimes,' I anſwered.

"'Crimes! To whom?' continued he, 'I am petrified!—you amaze me! nor do I underſtand your inſinuation.'

"'To yourſelf, Sir; towards my benefactor, my only friend'—as I cloſed this reply his colour changed, and he ſeemed at a loſs whether to ſpeak or wait a more explicit explanation from myſelf. His good

good heart, ever more ready to embrace the faireſt ſide of an argument, exclaimed, with a ſigh,—' What does this avowal portend?—unhappy youth! relieve my cruel ſuſpence:—what have you done? tell me all!—if my pardon can reſtore your health, it is granted, provided you have not wronged my faireſt bloſſom, my Marian.'

" ' Incomparable man!' I rejoined, ' how have I repaid your matchleſs generoſity! I will tell you all,—no, your lovely bloſſom is ſtill arrayed in ſpotleſs purity; and inſtant death attend the baſe villain who would caſt an injurious look on her! —no, my dear ſir, for the univerſe I would not be culpable of ſo vile a conduct. But even as it is, I feel myſelf guilty, I confeſs it to you, ſince you claim my candour, I am ſinking faſt to my grave—yes, my dear Sir, I have robbed—but you ſay you will pardon me, and who in my ſituation would not have done the ſame?—I have indeed robbed!'—' Who?—me?—robbed of what?—and when?—impoſſible! you rave, Patrick,'

Patrick,' cried Mr. Scrivener, before I could finiſh.—' I have, Sir,' continued I, ' I have ſtolen your Marian's heart:—in ſhort, I adore your daughter, yet I ſhould feel myſelf highly culpable, had I demanded her of you, pennyleſs as I am.—I die for her—and bleſſings on bleſſings ſhower upon you all!'

" ' Oh! my child! my ſon,' cried Mr. Scrivener, ' you revive me—why did you conceal this attachment, and then rack me with a thouſand doubts?'

" He then endeavoured to pacify my perturbed ſpirits, though not without ſharply reprimanding me for ſuffering any thing to endanger my health which I knew in his power to alleviate. After our tete-a-tete had finiſhed, I felt myſelf incapable to ſit up any longer, and went to bed. My fever being exceedingly increaſed, the phyſician was again ſent for, who judged me in imminent danger: this intelligence, as I afterwards learnt, being given before Marian, ſhe changed colour, and ſunk ſenſeleſs

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on the ground. Her mother, unacquainted with the ſtate of her heart, which, in fact, ſhe ſcarcely knew herſelf until its feelings were put to the teſt, flew to her daughter in the utmoſt conſternation, and knew not how to account for her ſudden indiſpoſition; while her father, from what had juſt paſt, plainly perceived all explanation with his daughter was unneceſſary. Therefore indulgently, on her recovery, informed her of our converſation, and promiſed as ſoon as my health renovated, I might claim her for my wife.

" Words cannot convey my feelings on the occaſion; life ebbed anew, and health flowed in every vein: beſides, when Marian adminiſtered the medicines, could they prove inefficacious?—Four months afterwards I had the happineſs to give her my name.—Two ſucceeding years rolled on in perfect felicity, ſave that it was impeded by the affliction of loſing her admirable father. While I continued with him, his buſineſs ſufficed to maintain them comfortably,

ably, but no more.—After my marriage I practiſed for myſelf: not having much taſte for my profeſſion, I ſucceeded accordingly.

" I had ever been partial to the army, and now fancied my king and country called for aſſiſtance: a ſerjeant of the guards, one evening as I returned home rather intoxicated from a large dinner party, accoſted me; we converſed ſome time on politics; how urgent the times were, and how much it was every man's duty to defend his king and country; we talked of the glory of a campaign, till my ſpirits were ſo exhilarated by his enthuſiaſtic praiſes, that he prevailed on me to accompany him to the next public houſe, to drink the king's health, and ſucceſs to our armies. I accepted, to my ſorrow, his challenge, liſtening with delight to his converſation. I fancied the army only was the path to honour and glory, and that my country demanded my ſuccour. He took

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me at my word, and enliſted me immediately.

" On my return home I related the adventure to my wife: elated with wine, I inhumanly laughed at her tears, which flowed abundantly on hearing the effects of my folly.—The next morning, when ſenſe and reaſon returned, I was not leſs grieved than herſelf; I would have given any money—could I have obtained it—to have purchaſed my diſcharge. But I had no means to raiſe money; and as there remained no alternative, I reſolved to make myſelf as contented as poſſible, and hoped my good conduct might gain me promotion. In this reſpect I was not altogether diſappointed; for I was ſoon made a corporal, and have been promiſed a commiſſion, though it is ſo long ſince, that I begin to apprehend I muſt content myſelf as I am—with the promiſe.

" Marian inſiſted on undergoing the fatigues of a campaign with me, againſt every perſuaſion to the contrary: I pictured

tured to her in the moſt diſtreſſing light, the horrors and miſery ſhe would encounter, ſet aſide the fatigue; nor did I like her to be ſubject to the indignities and inſults ſo often proffered a ſoldier's wife.—She ſaid all that I advanced rather ſtrengthened her reſolution than otherwiſe, as it proved the force of my affection; that ſhe had better endure a little fatigue of body with a happy mind, than remain in England under inceſſant anxiety, that would render her conſtantly ill and miſerable; that ſince I was averſe to her ſubjecting herſelf to the contempt of ſuch a ſituation, ſhe would enliſt for a fifer, which, as ſhe blew the German flute very ſweetly already, would be no difficulty.— Her entreaties were too powerful to withſtand; and I found myſelf compelled to acquieſce with her laſt propoſition.

" She endured without a murmur ſeveral fierce combats; nor ever complained of the long marches we frequently had through Holland and Brabant. We ſtood

on

on the ſame field, and ſhared the ſame dangers: how often has her dear face ſlept on my ſhoulder while extended on the cold graſs, her only bed! Oh! Sir, I have ſeen her laugh at me for pitying her, and give me ſpirits and courage by her example. How often has ſhe ſat on her knapſack by my ſide, and ſung or played on the flute, till I have forgot every care and every thing on earth, ſave her dear ſelf!

" My comrades frequently laughed, and rallied me for my partiality for the little beardleſs boy, as they called her. However, I believe none of them ever ſuſpected her being my wife. She uſed to ſay, her only uneaſineſs aroſe from our being ſometimes ſeparated, which I always endeavoured to avoid as much as lay in my power. The laſt time we ſtood in the field together, ſhe was about an hundred yards from me; her ſweet eyes were fixed where I ſtood; the enemy's fire was very rapid: I obſerved her countenance change from time to time, as white as her waiſtcoat.—This day I

received

received an unlucky blow in my ſide, that cauſed me to fall ſenſeleſs on the ground. Marian ſaw me drop and flew to me, though any aſſiſtance in her power, from the nature of the wound, was of no avail. With the wounded I was conveyed from the field of ſlaughter, and as ſoon as I recovered ſufficient ſtrength to ſpeak, I perceived my wife by my ſide, who, to procure this indulgence, had made known her ſex and condition. In conſequence, I perſuaded her to confeſs both, with the inducement that prompted her to hazard her life with me, to our brave and gallant commander-in-chief, and thereby obtain her diſcharge: ſhe did ſo: he nobly condeſcended to hear her artleſs tale, and deigned to drop a tear on learning my wound was deemed mortal.

" ' Go,' ſaid his royal highneſs, ' fair and beautiful pattern of conjugal love! your diſcharge is granted, on condition you promiſe never to expoſe ſuch matchleſs conſtancy to ſimilar dangers. Do me the favour

ſavour to accept this trifle, to purchaſe thoſe habiliments ſuitable to your ſex; and which I ſtrongly recommend you never to throw off again. Take with you my ſincere hopes for your huſband's recovery, and my admiration for your ill-ſuited but incomparable proof of affection.'—Then taking her hand, he gave her a note, with an order to receive another ſum on her arrival in England. Such was the exemplary goodneſs of our beloved royal commander.

" I was ſent with my Marian in a tranſport to England, where for many weeks I lay on the verge of the grave. At laſt my wound took a favourable turn, and I grew rapidly better.—Would to heaven I had fallen at once, when I might have avoided a wound more painful than that I received in the battle—the loſs of my adored Marian!—whoſe ſpirits, or rather her affection, ſo far ſurpaſſed her ſtrength, that ſhe fell ill and died.—O, Sir! ſhe is indeed gone!

and

and with her my joy, my peace, and happineſs for ever!

" Since her irreparable loſs, England has no charm in it for me, and I am now haſtening to join my regiment, where I ſeriouſly hope ſome friendly ball will lay me with my poor Marian; at leaſt I ſhall miſs no opportunity to meet it half way.

" Yet forgive me, my indulgent hearers; I fear," continued Patrick, " I have tired you by this long recital."

" On the contrary," replied Mr. Evington, " it is we who have to apologize, for giving you ſo much trouble at the expence of your feelings; only ſuffer me to ſay, it is unbecoming a man of your good ſenſe to reſign himſelf to deſpair.—You are not to learn that we are all ſubject to this laſt bitter misfortune, that of loſing our deareſt relatives; and that we are bound to ſupport the affliction with becoming fortitude. I would have you return to arms; it will diſſipate your grief: but on no account preſume to

ſhorten

ſhorten your life—beſides, have you no children?"

"Only a little boy of two years old, who is with a relation," anſwered Patrick. —"And would you," ſaid Mr. Evington, "wiſh to leave your child to the mercy, the ſnares, and machinations of a pityleſs world, when, by your own account, you have ſeen the dire effects of neglecting a child's education? Who ſhall that helpleſs orphan look up to for example and admonition but his own parents?—Think, my good friend, how much is in your power: think on the little treaſure it has pleaſed the Almighty to bleſs you with; at leaſt it greatly depends on yourſelf to render it a treaſure ineſtimable; and then ſay if you ought not rather to wiſh your life as the greateſt gift, and only one worth preſerving for your poor little boy's ſake."

The tears trickled down the face of the diſconſolate widower, as Mr. Evington gently reproved him; and after aſſuring

Mr. Evington he felt the force of his words very ſenſibly, he begged leave to retire to the next cabin, more fully to indulge over thoſe ſorrows which the recapitulation of paſt ſcenes had ſtrongly awakened; while the party, bewailing his hard lot, endeavoured to eaſe their haraſſed minds and bodies in the ſoft ſlumbers of ſleep.

" Do not omit the heavy offer of it;
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow, when it doth
It is a comforter."——

CHAP-

CHAPTER IX.

" Now hoiſt the ſail, and let the ſtreamers float
Upon the wanton breezes.
————Breathe ſoft,
Ye clarionets, and ſofter ſtill, ye flutes,
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic ſounds,
May bear us ſmoothly." COWPER.

EARLY the enſuing morning, Mr. Evington and his party diſembarked, and breakfaſted at Moriſon's hotel, where Mr. Evans had procured apartments for their reception.

As the morning was invitingly fine, they propoſed to take a ſurvey of the town and its outſkirts, and were highly gratified with the baſon, which was richly ornamented by a great variety of veſſels of all deſcriptions. Several noble Indiamen lay cloſe up to the key; and as neither Mrs. Evington or Maria had ever been on board

one of theſe veſſels, they embraced this favourable opportunity to gratify their curioſity. They were received by ſome of the officers with the greateſt politeneſs, who conducted them over every part of their commodious veſſel—"You are ſurpriſed, Madam," ſaid one of the officers, "to ſee, as you are pleaſed to expreſs it, ſuch excellent accommodations. Could we perſuade you and your party to take a voyage with us, I flatter myſelf you would not find the time paſs unpleaſantly. We have a tolerable good band of muſicians, and the ladies may have their piano to ſing to, or the band to play country dances."

"Dances! no, no," replied Oſmond, "no dancing on the water for me, while I can ſtay on ſhore. In my opinion, you are always dancing; and neither the ſtep or meaſure I aſſure you agree with my heels or ſtomach."

Captain Bodiſcoly, of a Ruſſian veſſel, here

here joined the party, and perceiving them to be people of diſtinction, who wiſhed to ſee every thing on their travels intereſting or new, very genteelly invited them to drink tea with him on board his veſſel that lay at anchor. Mr. Evington accepted the invitation for the next day, when, agreeable to his promiſe, Captain Bodiſcoly came in his large barge, covered with a green ſilk awning, rowed by twelve bargemen, dreſſed in white, with green ſaſhes, and green leather caps, accompanied by a ſmaller boat that contained a band of muſic, playing ſweetly as it followed the barge to conduct them on board his ſhip.

The officers, in green and white uniform, and marines, were all dreſſed, and drawn up in order, ready to receive them. Two midſhipmen ſtood at the bottom of the accommodation-ladder, two in the middle, and two lieutenants at top, to welcome their gueſts; two more ſhewed the way to the cabin, where the firſt lieutenant awaited

them below; and the whole crew, dreſſed perfectly clean and neat, lined each ſide of the deck "in untold numbers." After having partook of an elegant collation, and taſted of a variety of choice wines, they viſited the other parts of this rocking manſion, and then reaſcended on deck, where they were highly entertained by hearing, at the captain's command, part of the crew ſing a Ruſſian ſong and chorus. It is neceſſary to obſerve that moſt of the officers, with Captain Bodiſcoly, converſed with great facility in either French or Engliſh. As ſoon as the ſong was finiſhed, which in truth was ſweetly harmonious, and touched the very ſoul at different periods, two of this "motley crew" came forward and danced an allemand, or figurative dance, which created much amuſement from the direct contraſt of the two performers; one being a tall, thin, lanky man, ſtiff in all his movements, grave, and perpendicularly upright, and who figured away mechanically; the other, ſhort, fat,

and

and ſquabby, jet black hair, a dark ſwarthy complexion, a broad flat noſe, little ſparkling good-tempered eyes, large thick lips, yet nevertheleſs poſſeſſing a pleaſing countenance; and he figured away in a thouſand harlequin antics to the company's great entertainment. — Notwithſtanding theſe men never, perhaps, ſaw or received the ſmalleſt inſtruction, more than nature's inſtinct, they preſerved the ſtricteſt meaſure, and paid great attention to the air, which a third perſon blew on a flageolet, or a ſort of *pitch pipe*, with peculiar ſoftneſs.

" I have known theſe men," ſaid Captain Bodiſcoly, " an hour after the ſevereſt engagement, join unanimouſly in the dance, and ſing with as much compoſure as they do at this moment; and as ſoon as the decks were cleared, frolick and friſk about as merrily, and with lighter hearts I'll dare be ſworn, than has many a ſmart beau or fair lady in an aſſembly

room. Towards the close of the evening, they seldom fail to breathe forth, pathetically sweet, their homage to the setting sun, and welcome the pale moon gliding along the spangled canopy, with soft, yet solemn majesty; and really sometimes their simple language, unadorned by verse or metre, has given me more sublime satisfaction, and internal pleasure, than I have received at an oratorio; nay, I do assure you, I have listened to their artless strains with uncommon delight."

It now grew late, and Mr. Evington intimated his wish to return on shore. The captain ordered the boats to be in readiness, which done, they proceeded towards land in the same order before mentioned, only rendered more admirable from the sweet serenity that reigned in the atmosphere. "Now, would one of the ladies," cried Captain Bodiscoly, "favour us with an air, while we glide along, I should feel as much indebted to her goodness, as I

feel

feel incapable of expreſſing my concern our acquaintance is to be of ſo ſhort duration, and your departure ſo near."—Mrs. Evington then enjoined Matilda to ſing the air and words ſhe had lately compoſed, from a fragment taken from the novel of *Paul and Virginia*, inſerted in her pocket-book. Matilda, however, diffident of her own merits, pleaded an inability of executing Mrs. Evington's requeſt; avowing the production was merely an impromptu on reading the fragment, and altogether unworthy their attention—"Suffer us, Miſs Evans," ſaid Oſmond, "to judge for ourſelves—as the lines are your own, I am inclined to believe they reſemble their mother; and if—

"If, nonſence!" ſaid Matilda, "you know, Oſmond, I deſpiſe flattery—ſo not a word more—Maria will obligingly ſupply my place, as I am too much flurried to give pleaſure were I even to make an attempt to ſing at preſent, and beg to apolo-

gize for having thus long deprived the company, on my account, of an entertainment Maria is more capable of affording them than myſelf."

Mr. Evans looked diſpleaſed, but ſeeing his daughter much agitated, kindly took her hand, and bade her get the better of that ill-placed timidity, which nearly approached to a *mauvaiſe honte*, of all things the moſt intolerable: then ſmilingly ſaid, "Although my Matilda's fears prevent her acquieſcing with Mrs. Evington's requeſt, I truſt ſhe will not object to Maria's ſinging the air if ſhe knows it?"

"That you wiſh it, my dear Sir, is ſufficient; however, I fear your expectations may be diſappointed."

Maria accordingly with great execution and much ſweetneſs ſung the following ſtanzas.

PAUL AND MARY.

Chide on, ye foaming billows, chide,
Ye *vain* ſwell mountains high;
For while there's life, love is a guide,
That will your wrath defy.

O! courage, Mary dear, I'll fly
And reſcue thee from harm:
Can Paul e'er fear a danger nigh,
While Mary feels alarm?

Tempeſt'ous waves, foam on, roll high,
Nay, ſwallow earth and me;
If Mary's loſt for her I'll die,
And ſhare her grave—the ſea.

Oh! heavens! ſee yon greedy wave,
See!—hides her from my view;
Ah! me, 'tis o'er, no power can ſave—
My love, adieu! adieu!

The boatſwain's whiſtle now announced the barge, preparing for them to land. Captain Bodiſcoly, after conducting his gueſts to their hotel, reluctantly wiſhed them good-night, and the party, highly pleaſed with their little excurſion, retired

to enjoy their private reflections, and Maria to write to her ſiſter Lady Beaufort.

The following morning the whole party directed their courſe towards Bruges, where they purpoſed ſtaying a few weeks on a viſit to Mr. and Mrs. Varennes, with whom Mr. Evans, and Mrs. Munſter, had been intimately acquainted at Bengal.

Mrs. Varennes, previous to Matilda's birth, had formed a cloſe intimacy with her mother, whom ſhe had ſeldom quitted during her long confinement, and now embraced her daughter with thoſe evident marks of true friendſhip that knows no alloy, of that ſincere affection which ſtrengthens with our years, till at laſt it clings round the heart, and becomes congenial with the very ſoul.

" My deareſt girl," ſaid the good old Mrs. Varennes, " how dear to my heart is this

this meeting!—I could fancy myſelf ſpeaking to your excellent mother—that ſame ſoft benignity, her very ſmile, her own graceful form, dignified in every geſture, —yes it is her counterpart, and nearer to an angel you cannot be! Her mind, I truſt, you are fully acquainted with—Matilda, my love, as long as her virtues pilot you through life, you cannot err. While ſhe lived no flower bloſſomed fairer; no lily fell purer; as the flowers waft their odour to the ſkies, ſo breathed her goodneſs to every fellow-creature, nay, to every living animal. Her firſt pleaſure dwelt in benevolence; and her greateſt pain aroſe from ſeeing others unhappy.—Had ſhe lived, how would ſhe have doated on her child! yet ever reſigned to the will of heaven, ſhe obeyed the awful ſummons without a ſigh, and left her firſt pledge of love, the darling of her ſoul, without a murmur. —Forgive me, Matilda, I ſee I affect you; I have done, though while I gaze on you,

your

your mother's image is inceſſantly before me."

"What!" cried old Mr. Varennes, "in tears already; aye, aye, my wife's been croaking—come, come, don't mind her nonſenſe—ſhe's in one of her fine fits of melancholy I ſuppoſe, and would draw tears from the marble hearth if it had any feeling."

Matilda tenderly revered her mother's memory, although Mrs. Munſter's affectionate care had hitherto prevented her feeling a mother's loſs: ſhe, therefore, only ſhed the tributary boon, while the ſmile of gratitude caught the pearly drop, and checked the riſing ſigh. Recollection forbade her grateful heart to repine, while heaven bleſſed her with ſo good a father and ſo kind a protectreſs; and leſt ſhe might be thought unfeeling of the bleſſing, ſhe turned aſide and thus addreſſed Mr. Varennes—"To ſay that I do not lament my

my dear mother's premature death, would be incompatible with my ſenſe of her ſuperior excellence, or of the unbounded love I owe her ſacred memory. Heaven knows how grateful I am to her for placing me under the protection of one who has ſo amply fulfilled her truſt, and whom I make it my ſtudy to love, honour, and obey, with that fervency I doubtleſs ſhould have felt for my dear mother: which I hope is the beſt teſtimony I can give of the reverence I bear her name."

"Incomparable girl!" cried Mrs. Varennes, "may your happineſs ever equal your good ſenſe!"

Matilda bowed: perceiving this converſation depreſſed the ſpirits of the company, and unwilling her father ſhould become acquainted with the cauſe, whoſe voice ſhe heard in the paſſage, ſhe re-aſſumed her wonted chearfulneſs, and ſpoke with much warmth in favour of Captain Bodiſcoly,

Bodiſcoly, in whoſe praiſe Maria and Mrs. Munſter eagerly joined.

De Melcourt, a young man whom Mr. and Mrs. Varennes patroniſed, and whoſe agreeable deportment ſeemed to beſpeak him worthy their adoption, ſaid, with a ſmile, "Who would not envy Captain Bodiſcoly, ſince he has purchaſed your approval at ſo cheap a rate?" Oſmond looked what his words were unable to impart; he would have ſaid, "Captain Bodiſcoly was the only man he knew enviable"—but his heart was too full, and fixing on Matilda's expreſſive countenance, that glowed with delight in ſpeaking of the politeneſs ſhe had received, exclaimed, "Happy Bodiſcoly!" and aroſe to conceal his perturbation.

Maria heard the exclamation, and ſaw the cauſe too plainly that occaſioned this agitation.

Old

Old Mr. Varennes, whoſe tall figure and noble mien commanded reſpect, whoſe open countenance courted eſteem, and whoſe pleaſing converſation ſecured both, turning to Mr. Evington, enquired what were his inducements to travel at a time devaſtation and plunder ravaged the country? "It is confidentially reported," continued he "that the Engliſh troops intend purſuing the French army into Brabant: are you not raſh in conducting theſe beautiful women ſo near the field of ſlaughter? perhaps in the midſt of ſwarms of ſoldiers."

"I hope not," replied Mr. Evington, "we are three men to protect them, and I am of opinion they never may travel at a more intereſting period than the preſent. We have no occaſion to ruſh into the field of carnage, but learn indiſcriminately and impartially the affection and diſaffection of the populace at large. My wife and daughters were earneſt to undertake the journey with me; and Mr. Evans with

his

his daughter, and Mrs. Munſter, were equally deſirous to accompany us: thus in one mind, with ſtout hearts, and a thirſt for viewing the country and manners as they really are, we reſolve to partake of the ſame fate, equally pleaſed with our deſign."

The arrival of the card tables here ended their converſation; it being an invariable rule with Mr. and Mrs. Varennes to have a pool at quadrille, whenever they could muſter a fourth perſon, as young Melcourt, ſolicitous to evince his acknowledgments for the repeated kindneſs theſe good folks ſhewed him, ſeemed always anxious to join their party, becauſe he well knew the compliment was gratifying to them; however, poor Melcourt now felt a ſtrong deſire, had it been in his power, to relinquiſh the honour, and have joined the other table, where Matilda, Maria, Oſmond, Mrs. Evington, and Munſter, with Mrs. Evans, had aſſembled to play *vingt-et-un*.

"Come,

"Come, Melcourt," ſaid Mrs. Varennes, "you muſt join our party; we ſhall have a delightful game of quadrille to night; I am ſorry Mrs. Evington is unacquainted with this charming game."

Sorry, indeed! thought Melcourt, who wiſhed moſt heartily he could plead the ſame excuſe; yet he knew it was impoſſible, therefore quitted the table where youth and beauty were aſſembled, with reluctancy, to obey Mrs. Varennes' ſummons.

The gay ſallies of lively mirth that continually burſt from the *vingt-et-un* table, with the two fair attractions ſeated at it, eſtranged poor Melcourt's attention from his own game ſo much, that Mr. Varennes grew quite out of temper, alleging he played moſt wretchedly ill.—Melcourt bluſhed, apologized for his error, and promiſed to be more attentive; but a word from Matilda

tilda never failed to call off his attention, and memory even failed to retain what ſuit was trumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Varennes were evidently diſpleaſed; and ſeveral times pettiſhly reprimanded his negligence, till at length good humour entirely abſconded the quadrille table; even Mr. Evans, who made the fourth perſon, felt exceedingly diſconcerted to ſee young Melcourt's viſible embarraſſment, and who in fact was the only loſer at table—ſave the good old folks of their uſual good temper.

Moſt welcome was the ſervants' entry to announce the ſupper, which put an end to an amuſement that had for ſome time ceaſed to afford any of its votaries pleaſure.—The generous profuſion of delicacies that ſpread the hoſpitable board, ſoon diſpelled with its ſavory fumes the little momentary cloud which had overcaſt the bright

bright proſpect of the card-room for a ſhort time, and *Concordia* and *Lubentia**, hand in hand, preſided at the table with unuſual vivacity.

" Imagine now the table clear,
And mirth in ev'ry face appear;
The ſong, the tale, the jeſt went round,
The riddle dark, the truth profound;
Thus each admiring and admir'd,
The hoſt and gueſts at length retir'd."

* The goddeſſes of Mirth and Pleaſure.

CHAP-

CHAPTER X.

"An honeſt, unſuſpicious heart, diffuſes a ſerenity over life like that of a fine day, when no clouds conceal the blue aether, nor a blaſt ruffles the ſtillneſs of the air."

V. KNOX'S MORAL ESSAYS, NO. CXLIX.

MR. EVANS had entreated that no alteration in the family hours ſhould be made in compliment to him; aſſuring his friends it was a pre-determined point before they left England to conform, as much as poſſible, during their tour, to the cuſtoms and manners of every different nation or ſociety they viſited.

"For I ever mortally objected," ſaid Mr. Evington, "to the idea many of my countrymen ſet forward with on their travels, who daſh onwards, reſolved to diſparage

parage every thing they encounter; fully bent on following, whenever practicable, their own habitual cuſtoms. Inſtead of viſiting the continent in *propriâ perſonâ*, to acquire an inſight of its complexion, of its urbanity and government, which, I am confident, is to be learnt only by the reſidentiary traveller and deliberate inſpection, affability, and much courteſy, they diſregard them all."

"Moſt aſſuredly," rejoined Mr. Varennes, "were more people of your ſentiments, they would derive more benefit and experience greater pleaſure on their travels than is generally the caſe; for is it not grateful to an inhabitant to obſerve the travelling ſtranger viſit his native ſoil, inclined to allow it has perfections, as well as imperfections?—How is an artiſt mortified when he exhibits a landſcape, that has engroſſed his time and pleaſure, before an ignorant ſpectator, to find him prepoſſeſſed in its diſfavour, or, for want of a proper knowledge of the ſcenery and

and place before him, eſteem the production altogether unworthy his notice!—For my part," continued Mr. Varennes, "I am certain a traveller may, if he wiſhes it, imperceptibly ingratiate himſelf with the inhabitants of almoſt any clime he viſits, would he oftener comply with thoſe national prejudices and little excentricities, which he will find peculiar to every different country.

"Would you," aſked Mr. Evans, "contend that a traveller may not eat, drink, and ſleep to pleaſe himſelf; may he not ride, walk, look, and think in his own way?—Is it becauſe here every man wears out ten hats a year, the unfortunate traveller, whether he can afford it or not, is compelled to conform to the cuſtom?"

"I do contend," ſaid Mr. Varennes, "that the traveller who viſits the continent for information, ought, moſt undoubtedly, to eat of the ſame diſhes, and drink of the ſame wines; otherwiſe how dare he approve or diſapprove of their diet? Let him eat

and

and drink with them: I am aware that for a few days the taſk may be diſagreeable to his palate; hunger will ſoon rectify his taſte; and the ragout that was yeſterday obnoxious, will become palatable, poſſibly pleaſant, to-morrow: then, in a few days, he may ſuffer himſelf to judge of the diſh; at the ſame time he will ſpare himſelf the trouble of curſing and ſwearing at the cook for not dreſſing a beef-ſteak right, while he eats in perfection what they are accuſtomed to dreſs. As to ſleep, I ſuppoſe all men ſleep well who ſleep ſound, which I would have him do, that his intellectual faculties may be thereby invigorated and refreſhed, to look round him good humouredly and unprejudiced, with an inclination to be governed by the impulſe of humanity, the dictates of reaſon, and not the irreſiſtable current of an impetuous mind that is whirled away by every guſt of idle report, too credulous to doubt its authenticity, and too indolent not to abide by it. Reſpecting the cuſtom of taking off his

hat, it is deemed a civility in moſt parts abroad to ſalute a well-dreſſed perſon of whom you have the ſlighteſt knowledge; ſometimes it is a compliment paid a ſtranger, as a welcome to their country, and has, doubtleſs, become rather too prevalent; however, it is productive of, and pourtrays an innate tendency to courteſy, and is certainly flattering one to another, with little trouble or expence."

"But I have obſerved," ſaid Mr. Evington, "many bow to the windows as they paſs by, often without looking to ſee whether there was any one preſent: is this not an unneceſſary politeneſs, and carried to a ridiculous exceſs?"

"Why, it might be diſpenſed with, I allow," rejoined Mr. Varennes, "although it is a mark of attention; for at the ſame time they eſteem it a rudeneſs to look in at the window, it is reckoned uncivil to paſs without bowing in caſe there *ſhould* be any of the family in the room."—All theſe trifling etiquettes to an untravelled Engliſh

ſcholar

ſcholar at firſt appear tireſome; but nothing is ſo eaſily learnt, nothing we are ſo ſoon accuſtomed to, and nothing ſooner loſt, than politeneſs, unleſs it be habitual; which renders it adviſeable to keep up the ball betwixt ourſelves inceſſantly, that we may not, at other times, be deficient, or ſeem awkward in playing with the little gilded toy, for a toy it may be called which we are all taught to play with, and which is moſt loved where it is moſt in practice. Thus the child who firſt learns to make a curteſy, who liſps out *ſir*, and *ma'am*, *if you pleaſe*, is frequently chided for neglecting it, and therefore diſlikes the taſk, until, from habit, it becomes a thing of courſe; and, as it grows up, it not only gives civility, but feels hurt not to receive it from others.—It is ſome time ſince I viſited England, where I reſided ſeveral years on purpoſe to ſurvey, leiſurely, the different counties, and their inhabitants. I then thought as I do now, that the country 'ſquire, who is poſſeſſed of conſiderable property, who had never reſided ten days

as many miles from his own manor, is a moſt inſipid, ignorant piece of nature's works, of which ſhe makes a groſs at a time, and ſends them adrift in the world to fill up gaps, for little further uſe than to eat, drink, and ſleep, regardleſs what become of them. View any one of theſe men impartially in a drawing-room with women of faſhion, with claſſical and other profeſſional men, none of whom, moſt probably, have half his income, yet how fooliſh will he look! how awkward! how out of his element! how unable is he to enter into any ſpirit of the converſation!—Take, on the contrary, from almoſt any country place abroad, a man in a ſimilar ſituation of life, with only a moiety of the Engliſhman's fortune—place him in the drawing-room, his manners will be eaſy, his behaviour pleaſant, polite, unreſtrained; and though, perhaps, he may be inadequate to controvert with the man of letters, he will atone for this deficiency by addreſſing a lively converſation with the leſs learned, but fairer

part

part of ſociety, and thereby feel himſelf as much at home, and as *inſouciant de ce qu'il ce paſſe au cabinets de l'Europe*, as he is by his fire-ſide.—Your trade, your country, is not leſs flouriſhing than our's—from whence ariſes this prepoſterous difference then in ſociety?"

"I will explain it, in ſome meaſure," anſwered Mr. Evington (who had warmly entered into the ſpirit of the debate in defence of his countrymen), "whence this diſſimilarity riſes."—"Before this explanation takes place," ſaid Mrs. Evington, "as I think none of the ladies ſeem anxious to hear it argued, we will retire."—So ſaying, the ladies wiſhed the competitors good night.——

"Engliſhmen," reſumed Mr. Evington —"remember, I ſpeak of ſuch as inhabit provincial market towns, of country 'ſquires, and of thoſe men whoſe narrow ideas expand no further than to the end of their grounds; who ſcarce know ſuch places as Aſia, Africa, and America, are in the world,

whether inhabited, if productive or not; and who have no idea that dear little England, fertile and cultivated as ſhe is, would be unable to ſupply her children with ſuſtenance, or give them the luxuries they abound with at preſent, unaided by theſe unknown powers: ſuch men, from the hour of their birth, are taught to believe themſelves *free-born men*, independent of every body, and every thing. As they advance to manhood, they imbibe their aſſociates' ideas—to follow their hounds—look after their horſes—and drink their bottle of port. Theſe are all the requiſites needful to form their happineſs.

" As ſoon as one of this deſcription wiſhes an eſtabliſhment to himſelf, he looks out for a wife to keep his houſe and family in order. Cupid, who is never at a loſs, in every ſphere of life, to point the arrow, ſupplies the ruſtic 'ſquire with a blunted ſhaft, freed from all thoſe exquiſite feelings of keen ſenſibility: this either moves ſome fair damſel in his favour, or for his money,

and

and they are united,—Madam preſides in the family, more like an upper ſervant than the miſtreſs; while her huſband is out all the morning courſing, hunting, or ſhooting; all the evening with his bottle and friends, if not at ſome neighbouring club. Thus wholly his own maſter, independent of all the world, he cares not whether his mind or manners are poliſhed or unpoliſhed:"—("However, in juſtice to the preſent reign, I muſt think there are but few of this deſcription, father," obſerved Oſmond)—"while, on the other hand," continued Mr. Evington, unmindful of his ſon's remark, "a foreigner's mind, from his cradel, is filled with the idea, that to make himſelf agreeable he muſt firſt learn *la politeſſe au mieux*, or elſe be ſhunned from all ſociety."

"I remember," ſaid Mr. Evans, "being ſome time ſince in Suffolk, at a perſon's houſe who ſtyles himſelf a gentleman, who had received a tolerable ſhare of education, and, in ſome reſpects, a pleaſant,

well-bred man.—One morning, as he ſat before the fire reading Lloyd's Evening Poſt, two young women of faſhion called upon him; and as they were in the habit of intimacy, and the ſtreet-door happened to be open, as well as the parlour, they entered ſmilingly, and accoſted him;—turning his head, and ſtill keeping his ſeat—'Ah! is it you?—how d'ye do?—cold weather—won't ye take a chair?' he exclaimed, and continued reading a paragraph in the paper.—I ſaw the young ladies' colour change, and look with ſurpriſe, to ſee him continue ſeated. They declined his offer, but made ſeveral civil enquiries reſpecting his family, to which he anſwered with great indifference by here and there a monoſyllable. The ladies, viſibly hurt, wiſhed him good-morning; and, as if to ſhew they felt his rudeneſs, begged he would not *trouble* himſelf to riſe;—however, I believe he did not take the words as they were intended, for with great compoſure he reperuſed his newſpaper, and, in his turn, requeſted they would

would not close the outward door.—A few days afterwards I took an opportunity to ask who those ladies were who called upon him on Sunday morning;—he replied, they were very intimate, although their acquaintance was not of a long date back; spoke of them very highly, and of their accomplishments, which fully convinced me that he meant no offence; it also proved how apt people are to commit gross rudenesses from inattention to those small punctilios of good breeding, which the refined mind feels most sensibly.—The same person, in debate with a young woman, I remember, visibly hurt her feelings, by not only contradicting whatever she started in support of the argument they were discussing, but by adding, with a contemptuous smile, the epithets of fool, babyish, vague nonsense, ridiculous, extravagant, and such like words, though it was a subject he was no ways conversant in, and she perfectly so. I thought she seemed much piqued, yet unwilling to express her feelings, and dropped the to-

pic; abruptly turned aſide with ſome indignation, and converſed with another perſon. To own the truth, I felt a bluſh croſs my cheek, wiſhing at the ſame moment I had been leſs obliged to the gentleman, with whom I then reſided, and better known to the young lady, whoſe ſituation, polite behaviour, and pleaſing addreſs, intereſted me in her favour."

"There is a civility," continued Mr. Evington, "we owe one another that has no connection with friendſhip, love, or eſteem: it is a ſomething natural, general, and pleaſing, that ought to be reciprocal; I mean not the civility of giving a ſupper, a diſh of tea, or an 'how d'ye do,' with a paſſing bow; but what I allude to is, more properly ſpeaking, ſmall attentions of reſpect. An effeminate man is a ridiculous, diſagreeable object: a man effeminated is a reaſonable, pleaſant being; for all that little *je ne ſais quoi*, thoſe mentionleſs ſomethings, that are ſo neceſſary to ſoften man's rough and robuſt nature, properly belong

belong to the other ſex; and without ſome of their refinement between ourſelves, we had been little better than—what ſome are even to this hour."

Oſmond and Melcourt were ſilent hearers; till the latter, being very little verſed in the Engliſh language, retired to enjoy his own pleaſing thoughts, which were wholly enwrapt with the two fair European ſtrangers. — Maria, though ſecondary in beauty, when compared with her attractive companion, ſtrangely occupied De Melcourt's dreams; while Matilda's lovely image and ſoft voice haunted his waking ſenſes.

If De Melcourt's private reflections were of a pleaſing nature, Oſmond could not boaſt of equal tranquillity. Matilda had, indeed, given him ſome recent marks of a preference to his company, yet inſufficient to diſtil thoſe fears that diſturbed his peace. If ſhe had, in ſome inſtances, latterly ap-

peaſed thoſe tumults, ſhe had alſo aggravated them in others. Matilda was ever the firſt to acknowledge a perſon's merits, and the laſt to point out their faults: ſeldom too eager to diſplay the one or the other. Oſmond therefore heard her, with uncommon impatience, dwell ſo earneſtly on Captain Bodiſcoly's praiſe.

He was young and agreeable, yet nothing in Oſmond's opinion particularly attractive; nor was his politeneſs ſufficient to excite Matilda to ſpeak ſo warmly in his favour.—" Yet why? fool that I am," ſaid Oſmond mentally, " do I ſeek to torment myſelf with imaginary evils! ſhe may never ſee Bodiſcoly again; if ſhe does, her partiality may be entirely extinguiſhed; for partial I am ſure ſhe muſt be to him; otherwiſe he, like other ſtrangers, who have ſhewn us as much or more civility, would have been equally forgotten."

With ſuch-like viſionary phantoms Oſmond

mond racked his head and heart: ſuppoſitions that had no foundation whatever for their baſis. Matilda, doubtleſs, gave Captain Bodiſcoly his due praiſe; her ſpirits, when on board his veſſel, were exhilarated by his lively converſation and his extreme attention, which cauſed her to regret parting with an amiable member of ſociety. Further than the pleaſure of acknowledging his politeneſs never entered her breaſt. As to feeling any partiality, the mere idea exiſted in Oſmond's apprehenſions alone. She had ſpoken of the party of pleaſure, and deſcribed it to Mr. Varennes in glowing colours certainly; but had Oſmond been a witneſs to the foregoing ſcene, had he heard Mrs. Varennes' converſation reſpecting her mother, he would plainly have ſeen it was a part ſhe played to divert the melancholy topic, and to prevent her father's becoming acquainted with what had paſſed.

Oſmond's impetuoſity, urged by a ſtrong deſire to find out whether her heart was really inſenſible

inſenſible to a livelier paſſion than ſhe ſeemed to feel in his favour, prevented him perceiving the real cauſe. Tortured by theſe flights of evil fancy, he reſolved, for the firſt time, to acquaint his father with his paſſion, and thus, by an ingenuous declaration, perhaps gain her hand and heart.—The greater part of the night was ſpent in meditating what ſteps were moſt adviſeable to purſue, likely to promote his own wiſhes, without offending the object of them, or unneceſſarily provoke his father's diſpleaſure by expoſing his own folly. The deciſion, in his opinion, was delicately tender, and of a nature too pregnant with danger to be entruſted to a third perſon. Under this perſuaſion he reſolved not to truſt his thoughts to any one, until they were riper for communication; but patiently wait an opportunity favourable to them, and learn the reſult of his fate from Matilda herſelf.

Mr. Evington had prolonged his ſtay in the

the metropolis far beyond his intention: the autumnal breeze already blew freſh; the yellow tint had began to ſpread its golden hue on the tops of the towering oaks, even before he arrived on the Gallic ſhore—the lengthening proſpects, the verdant meadows, and the inviting ſcenery in the vicinity of, and round the large old rambling town of Bruges, already threatened an haſty alteration, wherefore Mr. Evington propoſed, that Mr. and Mrs. Varennes ſhould join their party, and, by pleaſant excurſions, enjoy the country air as long as the ſeaſon permitted, which, while it renovated their health, would give chearfulneſs to their minds, and they would return to fulfil their promiſed viſit when the weather bids the world ſhun its keen blaſt, and ſeek a welcome round the warm blazing hearth.

Melcourt immediately eſpouſed this propoſition, provided he was permitted to add one to the party. The good old people were

were eaſily prevailed upon to accept the invitation; every neceſſary preparation was made in a few days after; the whole party bade adieu to the ſmoking chimnies of Bruges for ten weeks: predetermined to ſtroll from town to town, and from village to village, leiſurely; ſtaying only where they were well entertained, and avoiding all great towns as much as poſſible, further than as they were neceſſary leacing places to their neighbouring hamlets.

Each highly delighted with the plan, juſt ready to depart, we leave them, bound in the ſweet ties of love and friendſhip, impelled by the vivid ardour of youthful anticipations, heightened by juſtifiable curioſity, guided by matured experience of ductile years, in the road of health and pleaſure, while we take a retroſpective curſory view of Ivy Bridge, and of the proceedings of our friends in England.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XI.

" L'amour propre empêche bien que celui qui nous flatte, ſoit jamais celui qui nous flatte le plus."

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

WE now return to Ivy-bridge, where, it may be remembered, we left Sir Stanhope Murdoc with a cold, Eglantine, and Henry, deeply intereſted in the cottager's ſtory, with a promiſe from Suſan to be made acquainted with further particulars concerning the little faſcinating Edward.

Miſs Armintor's maid had not failed to inform her miſtreſs of what had paſſed between her and Eglantine, whoſe brother, Henry Aſhwood, ſhe affirmed " knew a vaſt deal more about their *family concerns*; but you know ma'am," continued ſhe, " I never meddle with other people's affairs."

In

In consequence of the information, Patty sent immediately for Eglantine to satisfy her curiosity, not doubting she would have much to impart against the "*French interlopers*," as she called them, by confirming her own malevolent suspicions.

Meanwhile she desired her horse to be saddled.—"The footman," replied the loquacious waiting woman, "is very busy, ma'am, for your mother, and I am *sartin sure* can't go with you, miss"—"And suppose he can't? I shall go without him. I intend calling on Sir Stanhope, who, I am sure, will accompany me."

"Lawks, an sure, so he will, you know, ma'am; and where's the mighty harm of a young lady calling on so fine a gentleman? —For my part, I think some folks more nice than wise;—why, there was the Miss Evingtons *cooped up* for all the world like chickens put to fat; they never stirred out but in pairs, you know, ma'am, with one or two servants behind them, besides the

the old gentleman being cloſe at their heels."

"Aye, poor things! no doubt Emma was glad enough to get married, to be her own miſtreſs, or ſhe would not have taken a man old enough to be her father—I will be bound ſhe repents her raſhneſs."

"Lard, miſs," replied Hannah, while ſhe was bruſhing her miſtreſs's habit, "why, I thought *you* liked Sir George, and meant to have him yourſelf once upon a time, you know, ma'am."

"*I* intend to have the creature! no, truly—had I choſen it I might, to be ſure," ſaid patty, with a diſdainful toſs of the head —"but I never thought him worth making a conqueſt of—I am for a young, ſmart, handſome fellow, that will make all the women die with envy."—Then humming a tune, ſhe finiſhed adjuſting her head-dreſs with ſinging—

"The laſſes frown, and, looking down, all envy happy me."

"Do

"Do you know, miſs, they ſay the young Frenchman is quite an *Erdonis?*"

"I ſhall ride towards the cottage, perhaps I may meet him," ſaid Patty (at the ſame time pulling her black beaver hat rather more over the left brow); "nay, if it was not that they *ſay* the young madam is his miſtreſs, I would call on the old lady."

Thus did Miſs Armintor reaſon; when it ſuited her own purpoſe, ſhe was deſirous of ſhewing politeneſs and attention, yet ſincerity had no ſhare in it; and would proffer kindneſſes that were never graced by the ſmile of urbanity, but merely as inſtrumental to the inſidious gratification of impertinent curioſity.—Another motive, in ſome meaſure, influenced this projected viſit: ſhe heard Lady Beaufort's return was expected, and that they intended to reſide in Mr. Evans's houſe until their own, which was undergoing ſome improvements, ſhould be ready.—Patty was unwilling her ladyſhip ſhould have to herſelf all the praiſe derived

derived from courteſy. Under theſe diſguiſed ſentiments ſhe hoped to fulfil her ſecret intention, that of captivating young de Souci, which increaſed her deſire to anticipate Lady Beaufort's viſit to the emigrant's. Notwithſtanding the good opinion ſhe had of her own attractions, ſhe confeſſed Lady Beaufort's ſuperiority; but, fortunately, Emma was married: already ſhe enjoyed the romantic pleaſure of ſeeing the deſpairing young foreigner at her feet, hear him, half choaked with ſighs, confeſs his hopeleſs paſſion, curſe his cruel fate, and deplore his ſhattered fortune.—" Methinks I ſee him now before me, in the attitude of deſpair; then, how ſhall I act? can I refuſe him?" ſaid ſhe to herſelf; " no, that will be impoſſible!—my heart is too ſuſceptible, too feeling, to inflict ſo ſevere a pang; no: I will ſay, with aſſumed compoſure, Riſe! amiable youth! too dear for my peace, too poor for our happineſs—too *poor!*—no, hang it, he may be offended at that—too dear for my peace

of

of mind—alas! why is fortune againſt our happineſs? Yet thy Martha will endure every ill with thee!—

"With thee in a cottage be bleſt and contented;"

but,

"Wretched without thee, though placed on a throne."

This quotation will have an admirable effect; his gratitude will be worked to raptures;—that will do, or ſomething to the ſame purpoſe, ſufficient to prove that my ſentiments are noble and generous."

Having finiſhed this heroic ſoliloquy, her ſervant informed her the horſe waited. She deſcended with precipitation to avoid meeting her mother, who, nevertheleſs, diſappointed her vigilance as ſhe croſſed the paſſage.

"Were you going out on horſeback?" ſaid Mrs. Armintor: "I am ſorry to prevent you, but the ſervant is engaged; and I muſt therefore beg of you to defer your ride until to-morrow."

"I have no objection to go alone, madam;

dam: really there are ſo many calls for Frank, that if I wait *his* leiſure I may keep in the houſe for ever; beſides, I promiſed to meet Sir Stanhope, who will accompany me."

"You are no longer a child," returned Mrs. Armintor: "at ſix-and-twenty a young woman ought to be able to direct her own actions with prudence; therefore go if you pleaſe; *I* ſhall not hinder you, whatever my private thoughts may be of your giddy conduct: I mean not to ſay this is the firſt time your indiſcretions have given me pain, nor will it, I fear, be the laſt. Frank is daily at your ſervice, and kept moſtly to attend you; were he not occupied in the cellar, you well know, Patty, he would be at your command:—my indulgence has ſpoiled you," ſaid the old lady, ſhaking her head with evident chagrin.

"Well, well, as the horſe is ready," ſaid Patty, "I ſhall even go, for once—there can be no great harm."

"You will act as you pleaſe, Martha, I repeat

repeat it, though I judge it very improper. Did you ever meet the Miſs Evingtons alone? why not let their conduct be a pattern for your's? they, who are beloved, admired, and regretted by all their acquaintance?"

"Bleſs me! you have always, ma'am, ſomething to ſay of the Miſs Evingtons," cried Patty peeviſhly: "I dare ſay I am not leſs loved among my friends; beſides, they have had more ſpent on them in one day for maſters, and I don't know what, than I have had in my whole life."

"Oh! Patty, Patty! how undeſerving I am of that reproach!—Look at your ſituation—fatherleſs, friendleſs, moneyleſs;—and can you expect, what nevertheleſs you have had, the ſame expenſive maſters?—Did I not deprive myſelf of ſervants, of company, of every thing, to make *you* comfortable at ſchool? nay, at this moment, do I not debar myſelf every comfort, that you may appear in a ſtyle of life, which, in fact, Patty, you have no pretenſions to?

—Yet

—Yet all this is inſufficient; my affection has no ſway with you; my age, my experience, my judgment, has no influence, becauſe I am your mother, and in years—whatever I ſay, you think peeviſh, whimſical or ſevere.—Go! I ſee you are determined; only remember, Patty, the world is ſcandalous, ever ready to graſp at a ſhadow of impropriety, and give it the worſt conſtruction. Recollect, my dear girl, all you have ſo recently ſaid of that French family in the cottage; particularly the young lady: ſhe has a mother, and a brother to protect her, but ſhe has not eſcaped the breath of calumny, and yet may be as ſpotleſs as her infant babe."

"Talking of that," reſumed Patty, with all the indifference as if nothing had paſſed, "I intend to call on Madame de Souci: ſhe is an elderly lady, and may be a pleaſant companion for you, mother. Shall I take your compliments, ſaying you would have done yourſelf the pleaſure of calling,

but your lameneſs prevents your walking ſo far?"

"You aſtoniſh me!" cried Mrs. Armintor.—"This morning you were quite out of humour becauſe I was willing to believe report had injured them: I intimated a wiſh that you ſhould make their acquaintance, provided they were people of reſpectability; becauſe, at the ſame time you would reap benefit from their ſociety, it would be ſhewing them a kindneſs. Did you not anſwer me pettiſhly, that you had no inclination indeed to keep company with a ſuſpicious ſet of French emigrants? Now, all of a ſudden, you are going to their houſe: you are really incomprehenſible! however, I now deſire you will not go. Lady Beaufort will ſoon return; and if ſhe countenances them, you may pay your viſit alſo; till then I requeſt, as a favour, you will ſtay away:—conſidering all you have advanced to their diſcredit, ſurely this is not a hard taſk."

"Very

"Very well, ma'am, as you deſire it, I ſhall poſtpone my viſit. Whatever I alleged," returned Patty, colouring, "I ſaid from report; I was told it, and I know nothing to the contrary."

"Are you otherwiſe informed *now*?" aſked Mrs. Armintor.

Patty, unwilling to own ſhe was not, and ſtill leſs to reveal the real inducement, obſerved ſhe kept her mother ſtanding. The morning was far advanced, and ſhe mounted her horſe.

Mrs. Armintor looked after her, and ſighed, finding that all remonſtrances availed not; and well convinced that if it were known ſhe rode out alone, or with a man whoſe libertine conduct and principles had long been a topic of converſation, it would greatly hurt her daughter's reputation, which, from her coquettiſh airs and vanity, if not tarniſhed, had already loſt its luſtre. Eager, with a mother's fondneſs, to pre-

vent cenſure (when in her power) falling on her daughter, ſhe went to the cellar, and bade Frank put on his frock and immediately follow his young miſtreſs.

"Indeed, madam," replied Frank, "if I leave the wine it will be quite ſpoiled; beſides, I have almoſt finiſhed. Miſs is a good horſewoman, and the mare's as quiet as a lamb.—I dare to ſay the old gentleman, Sir Stanhope, will meet her, for he always does:—the other day"——

"Never mind the wine," interrupted Mrs. Armſtrong; "no quantity of wine will retrieve my daughter's reputation, if loſt. I command you to go—ſay no more—but with all poſſible ſpeed join your miſtreſs."

"Where ſhall I meet her, ma'am?—did miſs ſay where ſhe was going?" aſked Frank, ſtill filling the bottles.

"No, no! you muſt find out.—Go—I will fill the remaining bottles;—go—pray go!"

Frank

Frank obeyed, much againſt his inclination, grumbling all the time he ſaddled his horſe; and after enquiring of ſeveral of the peaſants which road ſhe had taken, he purſued his miſtreſs long in vain, having taken the very oppoſite turning. He again enquired of a young man coming from the next town, "if he had ſeen a lady in a ſcarlet habit, with a black hat and feathers, on horſeback?"

"If you mean Miſs Patty Armintor," ſaid the man, "I ſaw her talking to Sir Stanhope, from his window:—fine time, now-a-days! when the ladies go courting the men, I ſay, and fetch them out.—I believe her entreaties prevailed, and they are both gone tally-ho together, but which way, old nick knows better than I."

Frank, deſpairing of overtaking theſe equeſtrians, thought it moſt adviſeable to return to his employment in the cellar.

Eglantine had been waiting ſome time

for Miſs Armintor's return;—tired, at length, ſhe deſired Hannah would acquaint her miſtreſs that ſhe was ſorry it was not in her power to wait any longer.—"Why, I am of opinion," ſaid the ever-talkative Hannah, "that my miſtreſs (between you and I) is in no great hurry to return; for ſhe ſaid ſhe would make my Lord *What-ye-call-um* go with her, as ſhe could not have Frank;—and as to what ſhe wants with you, why its only to know more about them there French folks, and if the young madam is no better than ſhe ought to be, or if they were really people of rank and *edication*."

"I wiſh then," anſwered Eglantine, "you had told me as much before this time; it would have ſpared me infinite trouble. Miſs Armintor is miſtaken if ſhe expects to make me, in any manner, inſtrumental to ill-natured reports: of this you may aſſure her, that young Madame de Souci is too virtuous to be injured by the malicious ſhafts of envy; and though

fallen

fallen by adverſity, ſhe riſes above calumny, and all that your miſtreſs can invent.—Perhaps, were Miſs Patty leſs inquiſitive as to the conduct of others, ſhe would have more leiſure to rectify her own."

Eglantine haſtily left the apartment, much vexed to have had a long walk merely to ſatisfy an idle curioſity in a perſon ſhe never reſpected. As ſhe walked ſlowly on, ruminating over Patty's extraordinary behaviour, and ſilently blaming her imprudence with Sir Stanhope, of whom ſhe entertained the worſt opinion, a tap on the ſhoulder rouſed her attention; ſhe turned to ſee from whence it came, when the very perſon in queſtion, Sir Stanhope Murdoc himſelf, who had diſmounted, and was leading his horſe, appeared.

"This fortunate meeting, my blooming maid," ſaid the baronet, "is no leſs unexpected than pleaſing:—where trips my charming little laſſie?"

"Home, ſir," replied Eglantine, trembling to be alone with a man who had taken every opportunity to convince her his intentions were of the moſt diſhonourable kind, and who had often attempted to take improper freedoms with her.

"Let us walk and converſe under this inviting ſhade, my ſweet roſe-bud! give me your hand, my love, my little wife!"

"Muſt I, ſir, again remind you, that you are ſpeaking to one beneath *your* notice, who only implores you to deſiſt your importunities; *one* who has no ambition to belong to you in any line or ſituation—ſo pray leave me."

Sir Stanhope, knowing himſelf to be unheard and unnoticed, urged, in the ſtrongeſt terms, the ardour of his paſſion; vowed he would make her his wife; offered her a beautiful gold watch, attempting at the ſame time to ſalute her.

"Your

" Your preſents and offers, Sir Stanhope, I equally diſdain:—your love I totally diſbelieve; and I bluſh with indignation, that a gentleman ſhould degrade himſelf to aſk a favour of a perſon he knows diſlikes him from her heart and ſoul—leave me, ſir, or I will publiſh your rudeneſs to every body—leave me!" continued Eglantine, while her eyes ſparkled with anger, her cheeks fluſhed, and her embarraſſment rendered her more attractive than repulſive.

" Bewitching fairy!" cried the enraptured Sir Stanhope, " by heavens! I cannot reſiſt this opportunity!—with or without your leave, by all that's ſacred, I will —you ſhall be mine." He let fall the horſe's reins, and would have caught her in his arms, but Eglantine had wrenched her hand from him, and ran with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs; the horſe, frightened at her ſcreams, accompanied by the baronet's ſhrill voice, that echoed with loud oaths,

finding itſelf at liberty, ſet off a full gallop, leaving his diſappointed maſter in the lane, his hat off, Eglantine's cloak in one hand, and her bonnet at his feet.

She had not meaſured many yards before ſhe very opportunely met her brother, into whoſe arms ſhe fell breathleſs; words cannot expreſs Henry's diſtreſs and ſurpriſe, in beholding his ſiſter thus terrified, without hat or cloak. He had juſt avoided the runaway ſteed, and was going in purſuit of the fugitive animal, when his ſiſter's ſwift pace arreſted his attention; believing the animal's velocity had alarmed her, he meant to diſpel her fears, before he followed the fleeting courſer.

Eglantine recovered her reſpiration, and briefly acquainted her brother with the cauſe of her agitation. His countenance, as ſhe ſpoke, underwent a variety of changes; diſdain and revenge alternately taking poſſeſſion of his ſoul.—" Are you ſufficiently com-

compoſed," enquired Henry, " my dear Jeeney, to walk back with me, and meet this doating old fool? What I ſhall ſay will have better effect in your preſence. So come, my dear girl, fear nothing by my ſide. I would confront the ſtouteſt man in my ſiſter's defence, that ever croſſed a horſe, and brave the biggeſt title, that ever decked a name."

Eglantine conſented, declaring, " ſhe ſhould rejoice to ſee him humbled." As they turned the corner of the lane, Sir Stanhope made his appearance. Judge his conſternation on ſeeing Henry, accompanied by his ſiſter, accoſt him! He attempted to avoid them, by turning a contrary road.—" Stop! Sir Stanhope, in your turn," cried Henry; " before you ſtir an inch further, make my ſiſter amends for your ungentlemanlike behaviour; do you think, ſir, becauſe we are not as rich as you, we are equally devoid of virtue? Do you think becauſe my ſiſter is a pretty girl,

ſhe will ſubmit to your rudeneſs, ſir?—Have her ears conſtantly diſguſted by your indelicate language? No, ſir, if you force me to remind you of your years, and undeſirable perſon, it is your own fault; and he that debaſes himſelf by his conduct, deſerves to be humbled for ſo doing: therefore, ſir, if I am rude, I mean it, you have ſought it.—Shame! ſhame! upon ſuch an old man; even the public roads are infeſted with your irregularities."

Sir Stanhope ſtood aghaſt; the words quivered upon his lips; his whole frame ſhook—" Do you kno - - - w - - - w, young ma - - - n, who yo - - - u"—He wiſhed to have ſaid, " who you are ſpeaking to;" but anger, aggravated by conſcious guilt, prevented his utterance. " Yes, ſir, I do know who I'm ſpeaking to," replied Henry, " to my ſuperior in birth, fortune, and in years; to my inferior in behaviour, in ſentiments, and to one who ſubjects himſelf to every body's rebuke."

" Learn,

"Learn, young man," ejaculated Sir Stanhope, a little recovering his ſpeech, "that it is a condeſcenſion, on my part, to ſpeak to your ſiſter; if ſhe rejects my favours, ſhe is the loſer, *not I*; time, perhaps, will teach ye both to repent of this inſolent raſhneſs."

Eglantine was ſilent, though her agitation fully evinced the various emotions that paſſed in her boſom: now and then ſhe gently intreated her brother to moderate his anger—in conſideration of his rank; meanwhile Sir Stanhope turned from them in a hurried pace, towards his own houſe, glad to eſcape from the unwelcome language of dauntleſs truth: "I hope," ſighed Eglantine, "that my dear brother will not be a ſufferer on my account: ſuch a thought would make me miſerable."

"Don't let ſuch an idea worry you, Jeeny; for though ſure enough he is a great man, he has a little ſoul; depend upon it, he is more afraid of me, than I of him:

him:—people who act wrong are glad enough to let the ſtorm blow over if they can, without making a bluſter.—Indeed, my Jeeny, it is not always the fineſt clothes that cover the beſt hearts. I am going to Madame de Souci's with a meſſage from my father; and I hope my pretty Suzette will finiſh the ſtory relative to her miſtreſs."

Henry then proceeded towards the emigrants' cottage. The good old lady welcomed him in, and kindly enquired after the family:—"Your good father overwhelms me with bounties," ſaid the lady, in rather broken Engliſh, "and I am the more ſenſible of his civilities, becauſe I am here one ſtranger: I not know a perſon, nor have a wiſh to know them—Mr. Aſhwood came to offer his ſervices with his pretty daughter, in one ſtyle ſo friendly, that I could not refuſe him—the nice cow he has lent me, is ſo very uſeful—though ſince my ſtay in England, I try to teach

me

me to look on my paſt happineſs and luxuries without a ſigh—happy to have the mere neceſſities of life."

As ſhe finiſhed, young Madame de Souci entered, leading her little boy, who held out his hand immediately to Henry, ſaying in French, as he looked upon his mother, * *'V'là, maman, mon bon gardien, n'eſt ce pas? vous l'aimez pour moi, c'eſt lui qui m'a ſauvé la vie.*" The tear ſtarted in her eye, on recollecting the danger her beloved ſon had eſcaped, through the timely aſſiſtance of Henry, who from delicacy, had not ſince been near the cottage.

Henry looked firſt on the mother, and then on the ſweet boy, and felt his own eyes humid.—Young Madame de Souci, with inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, turned to Henry, and ſaid: " Words, my young

* " There, mama! is my kind guardian:—Won't you love him for my ſake? He ſaved my life."

friend,

friend, are poor interpreters to expreſs the feelings of a grateful heart; for, at this moment, mine overflows with gratitude for the bleſſing you have providentially preſerved me. I feel inadequate to return my thanks, more than by aſſuring you, that in reſtoring me my ſon, you give me life, which is entirely wrapt in this dear child."—She ſighed, and folded the boy in her arms, gazed on his features with dejection, and exclaimed with melancholy: "Where! where! is thy father?—Shall I ever more behold him? Oh! ſir, forgive theſe tears—but—I—I—."—" * *Dite lui, maman, que je lui donnerai mon beau bonnet, et quand je ſerois auſſi grand que mon papa, il aura tout plein de belles choſes, un habit galonné, et un belle epée.*" Madame de Souci faithfully tranſlated her ſon's words, while the child went in the adjoining room to

* "Tell him, mama, that I will give him my beſt cap; and when I am as big as papa, he ſhall have all ſorts of fine things, a gold lace coat, and handſome ſword."

fetch

fetch his cap, and running with it in his hand, laid it on Henry's knees: the honeſt ruſtic kiſſed the generous little prattler, but rejected the preſent. Edward burſt into tears, on being informed he would not receive it. "Why do you cry, my love?" aſked Madame de Souci.—"**Parcequ'il ne m'aime pas, maman, il ne veût accepter ce que je lui donne, et vous m'avèz donnez ce beau bonnet parceque j'etois bon enfant.*"—"Darling babe!" exclaimed Madame de Souci, "your riſing virtues repay all my cares; while bleſt with thee can I call myſelf miſerable? How bountiful, ſir, is the Almighty!—Though I am bereft of houſe, home, friends, and country, and of my beloved huſband; yet one conſolation is left me, that in ſome meaſure compenſates for them all; nor place, nor fortune, alas! can replace one for ever to be regretted."—

* "Becauſe he don't love me, mama; he won't accept my preſent; and you gave me this pretty cap for being a good child."

Old

Old Madame de Souci, perceiving her daughter's feelings were irritating, changed the ſubject, ſignifying much ſurpriſe, that a Miſs Armintor, with Sir Stanhope Murdoc, had called on them that morning.

"Oh!" cried Henry, "it is more aſtoniſhing that ſhe has not called before; for ſhe is a very buſy young lady in every body's concerns but her own." Madame de Souci ſmiled, and though ſhe thought the accuſation, from what her mother had told her, was a very juſt one, ſhe withheld her opinion, only adding, "ſhe had been indiſpoſed, and had not, therefore, the pleaſure of ſeeing her. She politely invited us to tea," continued Madame de Souci: "I am happy to hear my mother declined the invitation; it is bordering upon a twelvemonth ſince we have lived in this place almoſt unknown:—the unfortunate are ſeldom ſought after; neglect and ſolitude are the aſſociates of poverty; where the one dwells, you will generally meet the other;

other; therefore, we will ſtill ſubmit to our ſecluded life, until fortune reſtores us to our former ſituation." Henry flattered them, it would be ſoon; adding that peace was the general topic of converſation; he then delivered his father's meſſage, and reſpectfully took his leave.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

"Who much diſtinguiſh'd yet is bleſt?
Who much dignify'd above the reſt,
Does ſtill unenvied live?
Not to the man whoſe wealth abounds,
Nor to the man whoſe fame reſounds,
Does Heav'n ſuch favour give;
Nor to the noble born, nor to the ſtrong,
Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young."

PHILIPS.

EGLANTINE now daily looked to Lady Beaufort's return; every hour's delay appeared, in her anxious expectation, to exceed a year: nor was Lady Beaufort leſs deſirous of being once again quietly ſettled in the country. The continual ſcenes of diſſipation ſhe witneſſed were no longer novel, and bereft of that charm, they fatigued her ſpirits. Coquetry, envy, malice,

lice, ſhe obſerved to be the prevalent characteriſtics in every public place, and the conſtant attendant of the drawing-room. Experience taught her, that not only in the little country market-towns, and its adjacent villages, jealouſy took up her abode, but that alſo in the metropolis ſhe lived and ruled with equal ſway; and where too frequently ſhe appeared in deepeſt ſhades of rancour. Theſe obſervations often occurred, and the evening's amuſement ſeldom failed to confirm the morning's reflections, with thoſe who have time for meditation; a very unfaſhionable practice, we fear, with many, though ſometimes forced upon the moſt *faſhionable* votaries of *faſhion*.

A new inſtance of this nature took place at the Honourable Mrs. Huſtle's, which effectively coincided with Lady Beaufort's obſervation. The party conſiſted of about an hundred perſons, who were invited to an elegant ball and ſupper. As Lady Beaufort

Beaufort did not dance, ſhe had a better opportunity of noticing the occurrences of this buſy ſcene. A young lady of eminent beauty led down the firſt dance with the Earl of E. ſhe appeared to be ſenſible of the preference given her, but her manners and deportment were ſo affable, that her ſmile ſeemed to bid you love her, and ſhe would not fail to conciliate your eſteem, by her converſation. The following diſcourſe that paſſed between two young ladies will ſufficiently demonſtrate that neither youth, beauty, or good humour, can poſſeſs the approbation of every individual.

" Conſidering this is only the third time Miſs Montgomery has made her appearance in public, ſhe is froward enough: do you mind how artfully ſhe has contrived to rank herſelf before every body? What right has ſhe, I ſhould be glad to know, to place herſelf at the top of the room; when her ſuperiors are compelled to ſtand *mumchance* without a partner; while ſhe is flirting

flirting and figuring away in her white ſlippers?"—"Aye!" rejoined the other *kind lady*, "now you mention it, pray who is that young creature, the men are flocking about?"

"La! bleſs me! don't you know her, Mary? why ſhe is juſt come from the country, with her mother—much ſuch another woman as herſelf, only to be ſure rather younger:—between you and I, they have not a penny to bleſs themſelves with, yet are viſited by all our ſmart folks. I am ſurpriſed how they get clothes fit to appear in—there is ſuch a fuſs made about Miſs—who they ſay, will ſome time or other inherit great riches from an old, no, not very old, uncle;—this is mere hearſay, and doubtleſs ſome ſtory of their own circulation to lay bait for a huſband; tha.'s none of my buſineſs, and I know, for my own part, that I hope Miſs Montgomery, may not fall a victim to——but never mind"——

A young

A young man, who was an acquaintance of the party in queſtion, hearing Miſs Montgomery's name inſignificantly made uſe of, ſaid, with a bow, " If you mean Miſs Montgomery, that is going down the dance with the Earl of E. I ſhall feel happy in anſwering any part of her conduct that may have given riſe to your ſuppoſition of her *falling a victim* to any machinations, ſave that of envy and diſappointment; which of courſe, Miſs Montgomery's numberleſs accompliſhments, will never fail to excite."

The confuſion this gentleman's addreſs occaſioned in the ladies' countenance highly gratified Lady Beaufort, who had heard, and felt their ill-tempered remarks were unmerited.

Towards the end of the ſecond dance, as Jeſſy was figuring with the laſt two couple, a young man queſtioned her, as ſhe turned, " Is Miſs Montgomery engaged?"—

No

"No," replied Jeſſy, without giving herſelf time to recollect whether ſhe was or not. "Then I claim the honour of being your partner for the next dance," replied the gentleman, as ſhe paſſed to the other dancers. Jeſſy was attending to the figure, and inſtructing ſome ladies that were out; ſhe bowed aſſent, rather more to ſilence her intended partner, than heeding her promiſe. The dance finiſhed, and the third commenced, to poor Jeſſy's infinite dilemma; two gentleman demanded the pleaſure of her hand for that dance, neither of whom ſeemed willing to reſign the engagement; the gentlemen contended for their prize even to high words: Jeſſy perceived that ſhe was already an object of general obſervation, and the dancers were impatient for the dance to begin; her mother was at cards; ſhe felt reluctant to diſturb her, yet unable to extricate herſelf, or to appeaſe the diſputants, by every apology ſhe deemed ſuitable; Lady Beaufort being near, ſhe

addreſſed her :—" Forgive me, madam," ſaid Jeſſy, with evident perturbation, " if I am obtruſive in appealing to you, for your advice—what am I to do? I have drawn myſelf inconſiderately into a cruel predicament, by engaging two partners for the ſame dance—I'm ſure I meant not to offend either; I can dance with but one at a time—or if they will permit it, I will moſt readily ſit down for the reſt of the evening."

Young herſelf, Lady Beaufort felt ſome compulſion to give her advice in an affair of ſo delicate a nature, eſpecially as ſhe perceived the two young men were determined not to yield to each other. She endeavoured to prove that the firſt engaged had inconteſtibly a prior title to the lady's hand; and that the other gentleman, in politeneſs to her, and the company that waited, ſhould relinquiſh the engagement for the preſent. However juſt her argument, the young man, would not abide by it,

it, but vehemently proteſted he would neither ſuffer Miſs Montgomery to ſit down, or the other gentleman to dance with her. The Earl of E. (her former partner) here interfered; ſeeing Jeſſy embarraſſed, he enquired the cauſe.—"Gentlemen," ſaid he, "doubtleſs every one that has the honour of knowing Miſs Montgomery, is ſolicitous of being favoured with her preference; in the preſent inſtance, ſhe has unawares diſtinguiſhed you both by a promiſe, which, although ſhe is unable to fulfil at the ſame time, muſt be equally flattering. Since *I*, perhaps, have a better knowledge of this young lady than either, I ſhall do myſelf the pleaſure to take the privilege of old acquaintance, and dance with her *myſelf*,—and for *you both*.—Nay! nay! gentlemen, not a word; any thing you may have further to ſay, here is my card; this company is aſſembled for mirth and conviviality; and as members of ſuch a delightful inſtitution, I preſume you would not wilfully interrupt either."

The Earl bowed, and led his trembling partner to her place, much to the further annoyance of many ſplenetic miſſes; "that the fortuneleſs Jeſſy Montgomery ſhould dance two dances one after the other, with the Earl of E. the handſome, charming Earl! it was inſufferable—ſcandalous!—and there muſt be *ſomething in it.*"

From the ball-room, Lady Beaufort's attention was called to the card-tables by young Sinclair—"For God's ſake, Lady Beaufort," whiſpered Sinclair, "come with me: I've been ready to die with laughter at Mrs. Farrington.—You know ſhe is paſſionately fond of foreigners; and although ſhe can hardly ſpeak a word of French, ſhe is always the firſt to intrude herſelf among them: to-night ſhe is in her glory: dem'me, the old lady is grinning like a Cheſhire cat; ſhe has got no leſs than three French chevaliers at her table: do pray come, you will be much amuſed."

Charles

Charles Sinclair's thoughts were well founded; for Lady Beaufort could ſcarcely refrain from laughing, as much as her neighbour, on obſerving Mrs. Farrington every now and then hold up her hand to the gentlemen, opening and ſhutting her long extended fingers, to ſignify the candles wanted ſnuffing; while the gentlemen, in French, queſtioned themſelves what ſhe could poſſibly mean by thoſe ſigns, wilfully, perhaps, not perceiving the luminaries gave riſe to her extraordinary geſtures.

Though Mrs. Farrington eagerly purſued her game, ſhe alternately made the ſame ſigns with her fingers without ſpeaking, concluding that it would be rude to tell a French gentleman, who always anticipate the ladies' wiſhes, the candles wanted ſnuffing, by more than a hint:—again, and again, ſhe repeated her geſticulations; meanwhile, the gentlemen endeavoured to catch young Sinclair's eyes, to learn from him her meaning; which he artfully avoid-

ed, and pretended to be in cloſe converſation with Lady Beaufort; though he frequently put his handkerchief before his face to ſtifle a laugh that might have offended: at length, they appealed to him by name, and Charles was obliged to give an anſwer in French:—"Gentlemen," ſaid he, "you muſt take no notice of it, it is an involuntary motion, a *ſpaſm*, that the lady is ſubject to."—They apologized for having obſerved it, and paid ſtill greater attention to their game; and leſs to the lady's continual geſtures. Lady Beaufort laughed, Charles was delighted; however, Mrs. Farrington grew tired of making ſigns, and exclaimed with a degree of impatience, *Moſſu! Moſſu! ſnooffy de kaandel,*" by way of Frenchifying the phraſe.

Charles could refrain no longer; this was too much for his riſible muſcles: Lady Beaufort retired to the further end of the card room, where another ſcene, not leſs

ludicrous,

ludicrous, riveted her attention, ere ſhe had time to recover herſelf.

Lord *Randum*, a man of high ſpirits and good humour, having ſprained his ancle, was unable to join the dance, and had been forcibly ſet down to a ſober whiſt party, with the *amiable* Mrs. Narrowhead, Colonel St. Breach, and Miſs *Douleur*. Lord Randum and the latter (who were entire ſtrangers to each other) played together. With his accuſtomed politeneſs and gaiety he aſſured the lady he would do his beſt, but was unfortunate at cards.—Alas! how little do we know our defects! or, indeed, the frailties of human nature! Miſs Douleur, with a ſpaſm in one eye, coarſe features, dark complexion, bad figure, and one leg ſome inches ſhorter than the other, fancied herſelf, if not handſome, a very intereſting woman; and, as all unmarried women do, hoped, in time, to make a rich conqueſt, and get comfortably ſettled. So charming a young man as

Lord Randum, endowed with fortune, rank, and beauty, could not be viewed with indifference. She ſummoned all her beſt looks; tried to compoſe her features into a placid calmneſs; but unfortunately the exceſſive heat of the room brought on a violent fit of ſpaſms in her left eye. Lord Randum was eldeſt hand; he played the ace of hearts, gaily ſaying, "he had long thrown his own about, without any one deigning to pick it up": at this moment, Miſs Douleur made a moſt horrid grimace; Lord Randum concluded he had led a wrong ſuit, and, before the card was covered, immediately changed it for the ace of clubs, to the great detriment of his own hand: the ſame circumſtance happened, with heightened diſtortions: ſtill he endeavoured to pleaſe his winking partner, and changed it again to the king of diamonds: the lady's face underwent the ſame marks of diſapprobation; their adverſary won the trick—Miſs Douleur's face indicated that he played wrong, and he concluded

concluded he ought to have played into her hand, by leading a ſmall ſpade, which he did; the ſpaſms encreaſed, cauſed by a degree of ſurpriſe in her countenance, that he ſhould change his ſuit, and occaſioned ſome ungracious frowns, added to a ſhake of the head: the volatile Lord Randum believed it impoſſible to pleaſe her, and ſprung from his ſeat, ſaying, "The devil's in it! I've led every ſuit round to pleaſe you, madam, in vain; you frown, and make ſuch curſed grimaces at me, I'll play no more: why Hoyle himſelf would not pleaſe you! Here, Milford, do you take my cards: I ſat down to oblige the lady: and I never was ſo damn'd ill-treated in my life."

This altercation put an end to the whiſt party entirely; at the ſame time it was impoſſible for the moſt unconcerned ſpectator not to laugh heartily at the miſtake.

Miſs Douleur, forgetting her unhappy face to be the cauſe of this precipitation,

was ſo much enraged, that ſhe flew from the card table, or more correctly ſpeaking, limped to the next vacant ſeat; declaring it was ſcandalous, that a certain claſs of gentlemen, who chanced to be the faſhion of the day, ſhould be allowed to inſult every modeſt woman they came near, by ſuch rude language as ſhe herſelf had ſo lately received, and frequently by puſhing people well dreſſed into the kennel.—Then turning to Mr. Milford, ſhe requeſted that inſtead of taking Lord Randum's cards, he would go down the next dance with her.—"Del Caro's hornpipe," ſaid ſhe, "is a favourite air of mine, and ſhe was paſſionately fond of dancing."—Unfortunate young woman! this night was replete with mortifications. It was the firſt time ſhe had attended Mrs. Huſtle's aſſembly; and there were few people of Miſs Douleur's acquaintance there; Mr. Milford led her to the top of the dance, ſhe began, her ſhort leg happened to come down ſo exactly

exactly in time to the finiſh of each bar of muſic, with the heel of her ſhoe, giving an audible *tap, tap, tap, tap,* againſt the floor, that the dancers, in general, conceiving ſhe had a wooden leg, kept a reſpectful diſtance, fearing they might loſe the ſkin from their ancles: however, as Miſs Douleur did not conceive the mirth and titterings that paſſed were at her expence, ſhe winked, and ſimpered, ſtumping away, and imagined that the attraction ſhe occaſioned was owing to her good dancing.—She finiſhed the dance with great happineſs, for, in truth, ſhe had a moſt charming partner, who, to uſe his own expreſſion, "*felt confoundedly taken in*;" and wiſhed Lord Randum farther, as he was tied to his *hop and a kick* partner for the evening; while he wiſhed to be talking to twenty others in preference. Lord Randum, however, had his puniſhment; being already fixed to another card party, with Lord Dwindle, Counteſs Dowager Spareface,

her friend and companion, Lady Pliant. During three hours' quadrille, he teazed them not a little with his ſatirical humour and inattention, by frequently forcing ſpadille, loſing the vole, and miſſing *reſpect*, as if to be revenged for his confinement. To his great ſatisfaction, the party, at length, roſe. Lord Dwindle had four fiſh to pay Lady Spareface; he conſequently gave her half a guinea, which her ladyſhip doubting the weight, his lordſhip called loudly for weights and ſcales. Lord Randum, ever ready to promote miſchief, begged to decide the altercation, as he had plenty of ſilver; it was agreed, and he changed the ſuſpicious half-guinea, with giving the lady dowager only *ſeven bad ſhillings* out of the ten. From hence, Lady Beaufort returned to the ball-room, where the fifth country-dance was began: Charles Sinclair met her.

"My dear Lady Beaufort," exclaimed he, "you are the very perſon I want,

Miſs

Miſs Montgomery is without a partner; and I cannot prevail on her to honour me with her hand for this dance."

"She is perhaps tired, or indiſpoſed."

"Neither, 'pon my honour, merely an unneceſſary punctilio on her ſide; ſhe is engaged to a gentleman who is not yet arrived, and who is moſt probably prevented, as it grows late; now ſurely Miſs Montgomery is juſtifiable in dancing with me, ſince the gentleman has already kept her waiting, and conſequently forfeits his claim."

Jeſſy, ſeeing Lady Beaufort and Charles together, approached them, "Will you, Miſs Montgomery, abide by Lady Beaufort's opinion?"

"Moſt undoubtedly I will; but really I am much diſtreſſed to be a ſecond time troubleſome to her ladyſhip: this is my unfortunate night—I am no ſooner out of one ſcrape, than I am involved in another—were I not apprehenſive of entangling

gling Mr. Sinclair in any unpleaſant dilemma on my account (as I greatly fear I have the Earl of E.) I ſhould not heſitate in complying with his requeſt."

The modeſty and ſweetneſs that accompanied her words, the fear ſhe ſeemed to expreſs of offending any one, charmed Lady Beaufort, and rendered her more cautious of plunging her fair appellant into further difficulties, that ſhe avowed herſelf inadequate to decide this point, which ſhe thought ſhould be referred to Mrs. Montgomery.

Mrs. Montgomery was of opinion, that if her partner came not before it was her turn to ſtand up, ſhe might with propriety dance with Mr. Sinclair, who very politely offered to reſign her hand, if ſhe wiſhed it, immediately to the gentleman. This arrangement appeared equitable, and all parties agreed: young Sinclair triumphantly

antly led his beautiful partner very near the bottom of the dance.

Several couple had gone down before Sir Stanhope Murdoc (her intended partner) made his appearance. He had met Miſs Montgomery the preceding evening, and having formerly had a ſlight intimacy with her father, he claimed acquaintance with the pretty mother and daughter; by accident he learnt that they were to be at the Hon. Mrs. Huſtle's the next night, and engaged her for the fifth country dance: as Sir Stanhope well knew it was no eaſy effort to tear himſelf from the bottle when once over it, he premiſed the fifth.

Jeſſy, who was then going down the dance, preſently eſpied the baronet, and acquainted Charles Sinclair: "There let him ſtay," ſaid Charles gaily, "I proteſt, ſince he has kept you ſo long in expectance, he ſhall now wait till this dance is finiſhed, when I will honourably, though unwillingly,

ingly, fulfil my promiſe." Jeſſy ſaid nothing, but continued dancing; however ſhe obſerved Sir Stanhope approach with a frown that denoted no good.

"Sir," cried Sir Stanhope in a loud voice, "whoever you are, that lady is my partner, ſo reſign her directly."

"My name is Sinclair, ſir, and the inſtant this dance is finiſhed, it is my intention to comply with your requeſt: as we have only four couple more, I truſt you will not require it before."

"A few minutes," added Jeſſy with a ſmile, "will terminate your ſuſpenſe, Sir Stanhope, while mine demanded ſome hours; for I did not begin dancing until I deſpaired of ſeeing you."

"I deſire," cried the haughty baronet, "you will ceaſe this minute, ſir; I will finiſh the dance with that lady myſelf."

Theſe words were delivered in a ſtyle ill ſuited to young Sinclair's high ſpirit, who

who replied with equal hauteur, "he was not to be forced to any thing," and finiſhed the dance. "Now," reſumed Charles, conducting Jeſſy to Sir Stanhope, "I reluctantly relinquiſh a happineſs, you have unfortunately a prior right to."

"Since Miſs Montgomery has better pleaſed herſelf," ſaid the baronet with ſarcaſm, "it will perhaps be unpleaſant to dance at all with me."—Jeſſy ſaid the reproof was unmerited. Charles felt hurt at the ſarcaſtic manner of Sir Sanhope, and with a degree of pique, "Had you, ſir, thought more of the pleaſure of dancing with Miſs Montgomery, you would have been punctual to your engagement."

"Before you preſume to arraign my conduct," cried Sir Stanhope (placing his hands in his glittering waiſtcoat pocket), "you had better rectify your own, young man."

"Not by your inſtigations, or your example, I aſſure you, ſir."—Jeſſy interfered, and begged Charles to let her ſettle the

point

point in her own way, with Sir Stanhope, who, however, being rather inebriated before his arrival in the ball-room, and now ſtung with Sinclair's juſt reproof, anſwered her ſoft mediation with moroſeneſs, and turned quickly upon his heel: Jeſſy ſat down, but felt much provoked at his brutal behaviour, yet thought it would be indiſcreet to mention her feelings to any one; ſhe reſolved to wait his pleaſure; or if he did not return, ſhe determined to ſay ſhe was unwilling to dance. She acquainted Lady Beaufort with her ſcheme, who approved it, and promiſed to ſit by her, in caſe Sir Stanhope did not re-appear. The Earl of E. and Charles Sinclair mutually expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, that ſhe declined dancing: the firſt ſolemnly proteſted he would back Sinclair in any thing on Miſs Montgomery's account, and between them, ſend the old quiz, Sir Stanhope, to the devil, if neceſſary. The Earl's partner called him, while Sinclair ſtill urged his ſuit: perſuaſive as were his arguments, they were inſufficient

to

overcome Jeſſy's prudent determinations, to which were ſanctioned by the amiable Lady Beaufort, who would fain have had Charles dance with a young lady that ſeemed much in want of a partner, and had been railing at moſt of the inſenſible gentlemen and coquetiſh females in the room. "I dance with her!" cried Sinclair, "not if ſhe was the only female in the room, and I were ſure never to foot it again, would I dance with that little ſpiteful ſelf-ſufficient doll, who never ſpares her mercileſs virulence—who would blaſt, if poſſible, the faireſt roſe-bud that ever blew—I deteſt her character; all love and friendſhip on firſt acquaintance, ſhe wheedles a confidence by confounded diſſimulation; having ſearched the nethermoſt receſſes of your ſoul, ſhe watches the opportunity of taking umbrage at ſomething or other, that ſhe may ſpit forth her venom and ſlander behind your back." "What a character!" exclaimed Jeſſy, "ſurely Mr. Sinclair you exaggerate: is it poſſible ſuch ill-nature

ſhould

ſhould exiſt? but ſee, the dance is finiſhed—I muſt ſeek my mother."

The dancers, &c. now repaired to the ſupper-room, where Charles, who had been hitherto ſilent on Sir Stanhope's non-appearance, obſerved him in converſe with ſome more gentlemen, and addreſſed him angrily; "You will either, ſir, make Miſs Montgomery a ſuitable apology, in preſence of this company, for your unhandſome behaviour, which I look upon was in a meaſure directed to myſelf, or abide by the conſequences. Your anger I heed not. I am reſolute, ſir; you know the alternative."—Sir Stanhope foreſaw there was no trifling with a young man of his high ſpirit, who he tremblingly feared would not let the events be paſſed over with impunity; and the baronet, being terribly afraid to expoſe his emaciated frame to ſuch reſentment, wiſely embraced the offer, ignominious as it rendered him in Sinclair's opinion.

The

The company, after ſupper, gradually withdrew; among the firſt were Sir George and Lady Beaufort, who ſeldom welcomed Aurora's dawning ſmile in the aſſembly-room, or incurred her early reproof before they were refreſhed, to enjoy her ſacred light.

"Hail, univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill,
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it as now light diſpels the dark."

MILTON.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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